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EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"We, the People"

A Series of Papers on Topics of To-day

By

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Author of "The Man Without a Country," "Memories of a Hundred Years," Etc., Etc.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
1905

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Introductory

In the autumn of 1902, Mr. Hearst, of the New York *American,* asked me if I would furnish three articles for that paper in every week of the next three months.

I was very glad to have this opportunity for addressing a great number of people every few days.

Mr. Hearst is kind enough to permit me to collect these papers and print them together. In the collection, mixed in with the other papers, I have included articles which I wrote at the same time and later in the winter for *The Record* of *Lend a Hand,* and for the *Christian Register.*

My younger friends think that the younger readers of the new century will not know that to us old fellows "leader" means a leading article. But for some doubt here, I should have called this collection "Thirty-Nine Leaders." I find in the Century Dictionary that Mr. David J. Hill in writing of William Cullen Bryant says, "He was the first of our journalists to adopt the

English practice of 'leaders,' which has since become the universal habit of our journalism." And the Century gives in its sixth heading this statement: *Leader,* that which precedes . . . the principal editorial article in a newspaper; one of the longer articles in a newspaper appearing as its own utterance or expression of editorial views, whether written by the ostensible editor or by leader-writers or contributors."

In New England we do not regard Mr. Bryant as introducing the English custom in America. Old men have told me, and I believe, that my father, Mr. Nathan Hale, introduced it in the *Weekly Messenger* as early as 1810. For the American newspaper of either of the cities had been made up till that time by contributors who signed some name, fictitious or real, or by the paragraphs of news which were collected from shipmasters, travellers, or others. But in England the custom and the word were much older. DeFoe wrote "leaders." Lestrange wrote "leaders." What we call the Tattler, the Spectator, the Idler, or the rest was a collection of "leaders" which Addison, Steele, and such men wrote for those journals.

The Oxford Dictionary quotes no earlier use of the word than Disraeli in "Coningsby" in 1844. "Give me a man who can write a leader."

They cite from Matthews's "Americanisms," 1892, "The American calls that an editorial which an Englishman calls a leader." But I am quite sure that as early as 1840 the word was perfectly well known in American journalism. The foreman of the printing office would himself come down into the editorial room, and say to whoever was in charge, "What shall we lead with?" By which he meant, "which of the editorial articles shall be the leader?"

Of course in a book made up as this is, some suggestions will be repeated again and again; no harm, according to me, if it is repeated thirty-nine times. It would be ridiculous to try to digest these chapters into one treatise. That is precisely what they are not.

In the second part of the book will be found some longer papers which discuss the same subjects with further illustration.

I have made no attempt in editing these papers, long or short, to strike out sentences or paragraphs which repeat in one what has been said in another. In such a collection repetition is a matter of course. The leading article is the expression of the thought of the day as to the necessities of the day. There is a very fair question, which I understand as well as this reader does, whether there is any need of reproducing

it all. But if it is to be reproduced, it must be "in its entirety."

This is as good a place as any to tell for the last time one of the office stories of 1848. Its merit is that it is true.

In February, 1848, the *Journal des Debats* was the Government paper. It had stood bravely by Guizot, whom the radical opposition called the Valpoule of the Government, meaning Walpole, which I suppose he was. The Parisian Revolution took place, which Guizot had brought on his head. The King had run away, Guizot had run away, everybody who could run away had done so. The miracle was that the office of the *Journal des Debats* was standing. The mob hated the Journal and could naturally have broken the windows first and set fire to the office next. But there was no such good excuse. The editors had not run away, or at least some of them remained. And the paper must appear the next morning.

Of course there must be a leader. And the leader must be about something, or pretend to be. What should this something be? Not royalty, oh, no! Not Democracy, oh, no! Not Socialism, oh, no! Not anything which the last fortnight had discovered, oh, no! All these

were dangerous. But there must be something! "We cannot lead with a blank half column as they do in St. Petersburg!" No! But the gentleman on duty was equal to the occasion. There is one central subject which may be discussed in any ill-fitting dinner party, and the excellent editor wrote his column and sent it to the frightened foreman. The Journal appeared on the first morning of the New Born Republic. The leader was an article on "The Independence of the Judiciary."

In my younger days, as young editors parted at midnight for the last hour's work, the standing joke was,

"What shall you lead with, Charles?"

"Oh, we will lead with the Independence of the Judiciary."

In this volume we lead with AMERICA.

NATION AND STATE

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"WE, THE PEOPLE"

America

NATION AND STATE.

THE great difficulty of the American people in the American Revolution was their need of a National Government.

In truth, men hardly knew what the word "nation" meant. On the other side of the ocean very few people know now what it means.

The great victory of the American Constitution was that for us it defined the word "nation." The "States" were to be independent for all local purposes; they were united and are one for all "National" purposes.

So the National Constitution defined the duties of our National Government. There are six important ones:

1. The care of intercourse with foreign nations. And now no State and no man can

carry on private negotiations on matters of state with England or Russia.

2. The relations with Indian tribes.

3. Regulation of commerce among the States.

4. A part of this, if you please, the Post Office and the coinage of money.

5. Justice between every American and every other. A Georgian is as good as a man in the Bowery if he behaves as well.

6. And this was intentionally left indefinite— "the common defence and the general welfare."

This accurate distinction between the duties of the nation and the duties of the local government gives their glory to the men who made the Constitution. Mr. Gladstone said of them, and he is right, that they struck off in a few days the most important piece of work which was ever done in that time in that line. And this is true.

But besides Mr. James Bryce, nobody of any importance in the British Empire seems to understand it. If a thousand men in the British Empire understood it, there would be no quarrel between the English Government and Ireland. I sat in the gallery of the House of Commons once for half an hour to hear a discussion whether the British Empire, Empress-Queen, Privy Council, Bishop, Lords and Commons in Parliament meant to pay a pension to an Irish

school-mistress on whose head a blackboard had fallen. That is, the nation was asked to interfere in a local affair. So is it that an eminent European publicist wrote last week to the *American Journal,* talking about the right of Eminent Domain, while he does not know more than a baby whose the eminent domain is. Mr. Bryce says that a Swiss schoolmaster knows about the distinction of State and Nation. But I never saw his book.

For the first half century, public parties formed themselves here on questions regarding the rights and privileges of the National Government and the State Government. But we have got well beyond that now. We found out in the Civil War that this was a Nation and not a Confederation. We found out that the State of Massachusetts must fly the United States flag on the State House in Boston. We have found that the rule of God requires that the United States mail shall be carried through the State of Illinois without the detention of one-thousandth part of a second. And, at the same time, we know that the National Government leaves to the forty-five States the local government to settle their own affairs as they choose. Mr. Harris, the Superintendent of Education, must not tell the State of Massachusetts what spelling

book shall be studied in Cranberry Centre. But, on the other hand, when the matter relates to any of the six Constitutional articles, or to the general welfare, the general Government must take hold—must, because this is a Government of Laws and not of Men. For instance, in the State of Maine, a man may not legally buy liquor at an open bar. In the State of New York he can. But if the man in New York chooses to put his drink into a vial and send it by express to the man in Maine, the man in Maine may open the bottle and drink it in the presence of the Supreme Court and all the magistrates of the State; because the State of Maine cannot interfere with the regulation of commerce between the States.

True statesmanship in America cultivates a passionate loyalty to the nation; because the nation has the charge of national affairs, and at the same time passionate loyalty to the State where the State is engaged in its local affairs. The fine distinction drawn between the two in the Constitution has made the nation the America that it is.

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE.

THERE is a curious balancing of opinion and belief about government by the people. The scale which is up to-day is down to-morrow.

Mr. Wiseman, for instance, is quite clear that some measure shall be carried through. He wishes, perhaps, that the open season for partridge shooting shall begin a fortnight later or a fortnight earlier. He writes a nice article about it, and sends it to the *Extinguisher*. The editor does not read it, for the ink is too pale; but he prints it. But only three people read beyond the seventh line. The legislature meets, and the governor does not even refer to Mr. Wiseman's wishes in his message or speech. Mr. Wiseman is indignant. He retires to Paris for a year to spend his dividends or to reinvest them. He is much pleased with the cleanness of the sidewalks in Paris. He asks the Count of Monte Cristo to dinner. And, as they chat "over their walnuts," he tells the Count that there is no government by the people in America, that the streets are very dirty there, and that no gentleman can live there.

At the same moment his friend and classmate, Mr. Horace Holworthy, is riding up from the

gare in Paris to his hotel. One of the French gentlemen of the quarter is not pleased with his appearance, and throws a ruta-baga, weighing three or four pounds, at his head. It is well aimed, and, for a minute, Mr. Holworthy is not able to converse. When he does converse, he says that he does not find the streets of Paris more agreeable than those of Boston.

People who write for the press, especially—say people like me—are signally apt to take in this way some special grievance or some special triumph for a text, and on this text to work out a conclusion, "that which *must* be demonstrated," the Q. E. D. of the logicians, as to the great question whether the people does govern or does not.

Mr. James has cited a fine story of Carlyle, which applies here. Dear Margaret Fuller had perhaps taken herself the least bit too seriously. She had said that she had determined "to accept the universe."

"Gad! she had better!" said Carlyle.

Our practical friend from Ecclefechan had himself tried some experiments in that direction.

Now if, in his college days, Mr. Wiseman had looked in at the East Cambridge prison once or twice, had once or twice walked through the Riverside printing-office, had learned the meth-

ods of the Prospect Union, had perhaps taken a subdivision in the Associated Charities, he might have learned two things. First, he might have known, what he does not know, what sort of persons make up the American people. Second, he would have learned how little the *doctrinaires,* people like himself, affect the average intelligence of the American people; and he would know why the *doctrinaires* are of so little use as they are.

Freeman Clarke once said of a great peace congress: "The effect of such meetings is often exaggerated. To bring together those who hold certain opinions does not necessarily increase their number. . . . The members mistake the sentiment of the meetings for public opinion."

This wise statement of a wise man precisely fits the case of the critical and exclusive Mr. Wiseman. He meets at his club, or union, a certain set of men he knows; and they all agree, perhaps, that gray is a mixture of black and white, and that they should be mixed in the proportion of 43 to 57. Every time they meet, they talk of the shade of gray, so they think everybody else is talking about it. They see nobody else, and they are angry that no one does anything about it. They perhaps write books about it which nobody reads.

Meanwhile the People does not know that there are any such people as Mr. Wiseman in the world. It never heard of the club, and does not know that there is any question about "gray." The people goes about its business—in a rough sort of way, in a way which could be improved upon. But its improvement does not come from the Girondists, or the *doctrinaires*, or the exiles in Paris. It comes from the Abraham Lincolns, the Booker Washingtons, the John Workmans, and the Nathan Spinners. The men of the people, who know the people, have to trust the people, to commit power to the people.

It was the People of America who settled the Mississippi Valley in opposition to all the Wisemans of their time.

It was the People of America who made the Constitution of America.

It was the People of America who abolished American slavery.

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE.

YOU cannot make an European writer understand what government by the People is. It takes ten years for a man who has come over from Europe to America to understand it. They all think generally that if the people turn out and choose

a king, and he does exactly what a king would have done in Wurtemberg or Bavaria, you have government by the People. In precisely this way Napoleon III. persuaded or compelled the people of France to vote that he should be emperor, and then he was emperor. He was as much an autocrat as the Emperor of Russia is, and yet that is called "government by the People." At the present moment the French Republic is called a republic. If you choose to name it so, you can name it so; but the French people do not know what government by the People means.

You have Government by the People when the people of North Norumbega get together and vote that the bridge over Otter Creek shall be moved twenty-five rods and rebuilt there. When they appoint a committee to see to this, there is government by the People. When the people of Greater New York vote as to this system of license or that, or another, there will be government by the People. When the National Academy of Fine Arts votes to give a medal to Mr. Sargent or Mr. Chase, there is government by the People. When the Second Church of the Secession in Stand-Still Corner votes to shingle the meeting-house, there is government by the People.

On the other hand, when the Department of Roads and Bridges in Paris sends down M. Champernoon from Paris to select the place for a bridge at Fontleroy, that is not government by the People, even if the people choose the president who appoints the Minister of Bridges, who appoints the engineer to build the bridge.

Now it is worth while to remember this distinction, because the rule which America has over the world and is going to have more and more, results from the habit here of government by the People.

The Parliament of England comes together when King Edward VII. bids it come together. It acts as a body of his loyal subjects whom he has called together to advise him. The Assembly of New York, on the other hand, comes together because the People of New York instructs it to come together. In that Assembly any man can be a member who has obtained so far the confidence of the people round him that they like to send him there. The people of New York have said that members of the Assembly must be so many years old, but with that exception the only condition for his membership is that the neighbors think he is a man of sense enough to assist in making the laws.

What happens from this is that the prime

advances in the legislation of the world are made from the suggestions of men who are sent by their neighbors to such legislative assemblies. Albert Paine of Bangor, a man still living and active, took it into his head that persons indicted for offences had a right to tell their own story in court if they wanted to. He went to the legislature of Maine, and said so in the legislature of Maine. The legislature hesitated, because the law of England and America did not permit a person to testify. But Paine saw the sense of it, and the legislature gave way and passed an act by which if a person wish to tell his story, he might tell it. The good sense and humanity of the act proved itself in Maine, it was copied by State after State in America. It worked well where it was tried; it gained more and more approval every day, and now it has been copied here and in England and in Australia, and this is now the law of the more important part of the civilized world. That sort of thing happens all the time, when the people are permitted to send men of the people into an assembly of the people. Judge Hoar used to remind us that ever since the days of the Fathers the Public Proclamation has been, "Whereas, . . . JOHN HANCOCK [or any other] has been chosen GOVERNOR, the people of the Commonwealth may GOVERN THEMSELVES accordingly."

WHAT IS THE AMERICAN PEOPLE?

THE American People is the sovereign of America. We cannot say this too often. It is as well that people of other countries should begin to understand it.

Governors, Presidents, Secretaries of State, editors of newspapers, are not the persons who rule the country. The American People rules the country, and all these personages are the officers of the American people.

I am saying this all the time in the pulpit, from the platform, in conversation and in print. I say it in any way, because I think it is very necessary that the servants of the people shall not take on airs and think they are the barons or squires or knights of the shire. People who come from other countries and write about our affairs are apt to make mistakes. Every one in Europe makes the mistake, excepting the Swiss schoolmaster of whom I have written in this column before. Whoever says this, however, is apt to run against some fool like the mock soldier who made Hotspur so mad, the man who, if it had not been for gunpowder, would like to have been a soldier himself. Somebody who wrote an article for a newspaper about the way in which

he wanted to govern America, and then was disappointed because seven million people did not agree with him, turns around and says that the people have no will in the matter, that they are led by some tricky designer, and that they no more govern America than the flag of the ship governs the master who takes it to port. It is, however, just such people as he who do the sniffling, the snuffing, and the snorting which make republics very disagreeable to the looker-on from the outside.

The truth remains that the people of America govern America. It is quite worth while before we put too much trust either in critics on the other side of the ocean or any heartsick critics at home, that we open our eyes and ears and find out what the American people is.

In the first place, the American people is made up in a very large proportion of men and women who can read and write, who know enough for the formation of an intelligent opinion, and who mean on the whole to do what is right. All Shakespeare's sneers at the groundlings, at the rabble, and the mob were true enough when he described people of Rome in Julius Cæsar's time. They are not true of the American people now. Four per cent of the people of the State of New York are people who can bring

only their muscle and their weight to their daily work. These are the people who dig the drains, the sewers, who "lay the stun wall," as Yankees say, who carry buckets of coal up five stories or ten. The other ninety-six per cent of the workmen of New York are persons who work with their brains, such men as an expressman, who keeps a delicate account of three hundred and fifty customers in the course of a day and in the course of a year does not make ten mistakes. That man is as fit to read his newspaper and to make a judgment between Judas Iscariot, if he is a candidate, and Joseph of Arimathea, if he is a candidate, as is any intelligent reader of these lines.

It was the American people who colonized the West; it was the American people who developed our world-wide commerce; it was the American people who contrived to carry through the system of internal improvements; it was the American people who freed the slaves. You cannot ascribe one of these triumphs to any Charlemagne or any Augustus Cæsar. They illustrate the government by the people.

BET ON THE COUNTRY.

OH, it was years ago. Purkett was alive, the great banker. We were all sitting at the club, some smoking, some gaping, and all talking or listening, when Questionmark said to Purkett, "Purkett, you never make a mistake. You are never cleaned out like us poor lambs. Tell us the secret. How do you do it?"

Purkett never smoked, so he did not have to take his cigar from his mouth. He only laughed and said, "My secret?"

"Yes, of course," the other men said. But if it was his secret it was the club's secret. What was our motto? We had taken it from "The Three Musketeers." "All for each, each for all." The club was entitled to the secret and would have it, if Purkett meant to be treasurer of the club after this next election.

Purkett did not seem to me to care much for the office of treasurer. But he laughed again and said he would just as lief as not tell us the secret. He made us take out our pencils and our note-books, to be sure we got it right, and when he had made a lot of fun with this, he said, "All ready, go! This is the secret: 'Bet on the country.'"

I knew Purkett very well, and Purkett always succeeded. But this was the only rule I ever heard him lay down about investments.

It is a right good rule for an American in everything. He must "bet on the country." First in mere outside matters, coal, oil, wood, salt, iron, and the other things. A country where iron lies loose on the ground, all the way from Alabama to Lake Superior, will be rather apt in the long run to get the better in the matter of iron of countries where you have to dig a kilometre into the ground and dig out the ore with pickaxes and dynamite. So it is a good thing to bet on a country where a farmer in Illinois can dig his coal out of the side of a roadway on his farm and carry it home in his wheelbarrow. In that country you do not pay fifteen dollars a ton for coal many weeks together.

But this was not Purkett's first reason for betting on the country. He bet on the country, because in the long run the right man has so good a chance to do the thing you want done. A man like Edison makes your electricity for you and handles it. A man like Roebling builds your bridge for you. A man like Abraham Lincoln runs the whole machine for you. And you do not have to inquire whether his grandfather's great-grandfather did or did not fight at this or

that battle of Armageddon, or whether his grandmother's great-grandmother was or was not a favorite of King Egbert the Eleventh. It is as well to bet on the country of which one of the mottoes is,

"Get the Best."

And there is Sam Patch's motto, which belongs to the nation: "Some things can be done as well as others." I would not bet on a country where they kept the Custom House business blanks, or the Law Courts, or the Assembly Houses, in the language of 1701, because nobody had dared to change a word in the form. I want to bet on a country where if a man invents a telephone to-day, the man in the government office will use it to-morrow, if it be the best thing to use. You bet on a country where the "ins" like to stay in, and where they cannot stay in long till they learn how to "get there," how to "get the best," and that "some things can be done as well as others."

But all this means that you and I keep up the standard to the very best mark. We must see that the country has good water, good air, good wood, good coal, good newspapers, good books, good women, and good men. And this we shall not have unless you and I take hold.

FORESTS.

THE protection of forests, not to say the creation of forests, begins to assert itself among the national duties of the United States. It is interesting, indeed, to see that the Nation is thus resuming a duty which it took almost of course in the beginning, but which has been gradually lost sight of as time went on.

Even in the days of "strict construction," when men who called themselves statesmen could not spend money on the National Road, there was no scruple whatever about providing and maintaining forests. The earlier reports of the Secretaries of the Navy went into detail every year as to our live-oak forests at the South. Perhaps some spirited youngster in the Navy Department may like to see what has become of them.

It was not until wood was no longer needed for shipbuilding that the national care of forests disappeared from the annual reports of the Navy Department. And what may be called the inborn hatred of a tree has always asserted itself in the national life. They say at Andover that half a century ago one of their young students thought to ingratiate himself with his new

teachers by going out with his axe at daybreak and cutting down two of the beautiful trees in their great avenue, before anybody was awake. The story illustrates what we may call that sort of inborn hatred of a tree in which traces linger in the blood of a nation where men are not many generations off from pioneers. It is like the inborn hatred of a snake, which lingers still among some of the daughters of Eve.

But the time has come for the Nation to assert again, not simply its right to take care of forests, but the duty of maintaining them. The duty springs from the necessity. For if the nation, as a nation, does not take care of its forests, no one will. In the management of most property, there is a certain class of people who are called capitalists, because they wish to preserve the property for its uses. But, with regard to forests, no such private interest shows itself. If a man owns a ship, he wants to keep it in good condition as long as he can. And some ships have lasted a hundred years. But if the same man buys a forest, he cuts it down, perhaps in the first year. That is, he makes money by its destruction and not by its use. Why is there this difference?

It springs from a certain natural indifference or doubt which men have about a distant future.

I can go among business men with a new invention, or a new discovery, which will be profitable say two or three years hence—in 1904 or 1905; and I can find men who will take stock in my plan or patent. But if, on the other hand, I explain that the value of the invention cannot be developed until 1910, everybody will laugh at me. Nobody will take one share in my company. This is so entirely understood that old business men will tell you squarely that they never look forward more than six years.

This, in few words, is the reason why in all civilized communities the preservation of forests eventually falls into the hands of the government, of the people collectively, if the forests are preserved at all. The states of the continent of Europe derive large revenues from the public ownership of forests. The state, as a state, does not die. The State, as a state, therefore, can look forward more than six years. The State, as a state, can take care of this generation and the next and the next. So, Frederick the Great, a hundred years ago, took such care of the Prussian forests that the taxes are lighter on the people of Prussia to-day. On the other hand, the State of Massachusetts a hundred years ago left its forests to the greed of individuals. The annual product of those forests is

probably not now worth so much as it was then. And thus the State of Massachusetts to-day is hesitating whether it will buy a few acres on the top of Mt. Tom, while the Kingdom of Prussia to-day collects millions of dollars from the products of its forests.

The State does not die. Individuals do; but the State means to be eternal. It is, therefore, to the advantage of the state to invest in forests, while no individual man cares to bet even on his own life, if the bet looks forward more than six or eight years. It is only occasionally that there is an exception.

When Watson, known to old-fashioned theologians as the Watson of "The Apology," was made Bishop, he was very angry with Charles Fox because he gave him what Watson would have called the poorest see in England. It was, alas, the only bishopric Fox could give him. But Watson was that sort of man that he was always on the attack, and, finding himself in the north of Wales, where the savagery of generations had destroyed all the wood, the young bishop spent all his spare sixpences and shillings in planting firs upon ground which seemed worthless. He outlived the six-year period which most capitalists make their limit. He kept on raising his seedling firs and planting

them, and when he died his children found themselves, to their own surprise, among the rich men in England, because the trees had grown even while their father was sleeping. That was Dugald Dalghetty's phrase, as it had been embodied in his dying father's counsels.

"Plant trees, Dugald," said the dying man; "they will grow while you sleep. My father said so to me when he was dying; but I have never had time to attend to it." Unfortunately, Dugald himself never found more time for this duty than his father had.

But States do not die, or ought not die. States take that name because they are established. And any American State which has a statesman at the head of its finance department will do well to invest its sinking funds, so called, in forests. Take the State of Massachusetts, again, for an instance. It is our excellent plan here when we contract a loan to begin to pay it at once. If the loan is for fifty years, one per cent of the amount is paid in the first year into the sinking fund of that loan. It is "invested" for the benefit of that loan. The proceeds of the investment go into the sinking fund. And when fifty years are past the sinking fund is more than ready to redeem the bonds.

This is an admirable plan. It keeps the credit

of Massachusetts at the very highest point. Still, it is only a paper plan after all. One can imagine a hundred ways in which it should break down. A hard-pressed legislature might borrow from the sinking fund, as English parliaments have borrowed from their sinking funds once and again. It is even to be conceived that the bonds which belong to the sinking fund might disappear before fifty years are over, if some irresponsible clerk got hold of a key which he should not handle. But, on the other hand, if the Governor had a right to invest this one per cent annually in forests or in trees, why, at the end of fifty years, Massachusetts would have a great landed property which had been improving itself every hour of every day.

Massachusetts could do what no man or woman could do—Massachusetts could make the proper laws to protect her property and detail the proper officers to enforce them. If a man flung away a cigar in a Massachusetts forest, he could be treated as the King of Saxony would treat a man who flung away a cigar in the Black Forest. Saxony received in 1900 a million and a half dollars, after all expenses of administration were paid, from her forests. Prussia received in the same year from hers nearly ten million dollars, after a similar amount had been

charged to the forests for their development and care.

And this is no matter of accidental detail. There are many things which states can do and individuals cannot. This is the reason why men found states and especially why they found republics. States can maintain the post office better than individuals can, and so of lighthouses; so of justice between man and man; so of the coining of money; so of the regulation of commerce; so of preserving the public health.

When, therefore, "we, the People of the United States," made the nation of that name, our Constitution stated six definite objects which the Government of the nation may and must attend to. Besides these, the Constitution authorized the National Government to "provide for the common defence and the general welfare." Under this clause, sometimes with much discussion and sometimes with none, the Government undertakes other national duties. Such are the protection of the national health. This may be called a part of the common defence. The nation would have been fully justified in its war with Spain had it been made simply to keep out yellow fever. Again, the General Government appropriates money freely for railroads and even for other roads. When it needs,

the General Government builds telegraphs and maintains them.

Since the States of the Rocky Mountain slopes were established, the nation has found out that it must assume as a national duty the business of irrigation, and with every year Congress legislates in that direction. For precisely the same reason, it has now assumed the business of maintaining national forests. The appropriation of five million dollars for a forest on the water divides of the southern Appalachians will be an important step in this direction.

It is most important because it shows that we have statesmen who are alive to one of the most central of national duties.

FORESTS.

THIS nation ought never to be surprised when new conditions bring new duties. It is no fault of the makers of the Constitution that they did not state in advance all the details of duty which would demand our attention a century after their time. Thus, in their time it took Carver the better part of a year to go from the Atlantic to Lake Michigan; and it took him as long to come back the next year. Now I can go from New York to

Lake Michigan in a day, and it is not queer that the nation which has to regulate commerce between New York and Lake Michigan should have some duties in 1902 which it did not have in 1789.

Among these duties which belong to the nation, is the duty of preserving or maintaining the forests of the nation. In a small way, the National Government undertook this a century ago. The Navy Department used to have its preserves of trees for shipbuilding, because it did not choose that the nation should be dependent on private resources or be the victim of private rapacity. And in those days, at the beginning of the last century, the average American still regarded the forest as his enemy. But now the forest is no man's enemy. On the other hand, the world knows only too well that the destruction of forests has been the signal for the decline and downfall of empires. In Asia Minor and in Syria were once the finest regions of the civilized world. Those regions received the first blow to their civilization in the wanton destruction of their forests.

The United States has turned over a new leaf in reserving the control of large districts in the west, so that their forests cannot be cut away without the permission of the central Govern-

ment. We are now carrying the same policy farther in the reservation of a great national park in the highlands of Tennessee and North Carolina. The bill providing for this great park went through the Senate last year by a handsome majority. We may hope that even in the stress of the short session it may go through the House without serious opposition.* In the highlands, which will thus become national property, are the headwaters of the rivers which water Maryland and Virginia, both Carolinas, Kentucky, Tennessee and the Gulf States south of them. We now know that for regular water supply you must retain the forests, which arrest the moisture of the passing clouds and feed with it the headwaters of the rivers below.

This is the proper time for all the citizens of New England and New York to see to it that their alpine highlands also are taken into the great National Park system. The alpine regions of the United States are not extensive. One could wish they were more extensive than they are. Some summits in the Carolinas, Mt. Marcy and other high summits of New York, the White Mountains in New Hampshire, and Mt. Katahdin in Maine are the only four alpine sys-

*Alas! It did not. But hopes remain

tems on the Atlantic side of the Rocky Mountains.

The care and oversight of the forests in all of these regions belongs to the National Government. It must not be left to lumber men or pulp men or mill owners. The water which flows from these summits is the water of the Nation; the forests which clothe them at their bases must be maintained for centuries to come, and this necessity can be commanded only by such perpetual and systematic care of the Nation. We are glad to see public movements in this direction in the centres of opinion in the States most interested.

WE, THE PEOPLE: OR WAR LORDS.

A "WAR LORD" on a visit to another "War Lord" in Europe, has to receive a regiment at the first moment after he arrives at his friend's house. It is just as you think you must have a decanter of whiskey ready when certain people come to see you.

But when a leader of men comes to see you, you do not offer him a glass of whiskey. When Edison calls on you, or Mitchell, or Howells, or Bishop Potter, you know your man, and you do

not offer him a glass of whiskey. King Edward knew his man. He, therefore, gave him a chance to review a regiment when he made him a visit. This is what an old-fashioned king, who still keeps up the traditions of "War Lords," has to do when another "War Lord" comes to see him. Each of them has to dress up like a soldier and to ride on a horse and to show each other how well they could do if they went out to fight. In point of fact, bluff old King George, the second of that name, as you remember, is the last of the House of Hanover or the House of Cobourg who ever smelled gunpowder in battle.

How do "We the People" entertain our guests when "We the People" put the "War Lords" into their fit place and when "We the People" have a distinguished stranger coming up the Bay? In the days just after the Civil War, I had a good deal to do with an accomplished Russian gentleman who had come up the Bay on a command from the Czar. They have a capital institution in the government of Russia which provides what is known as the Civil Staff for the Emperor. Just as the gentlemen on his military staff know about "right shoulder shift," and percussion caps, and embalmed beef, the gentlemen on his Civil Staff have to know about

the administration of government. They are kept in motion all over the world where there is any good governing done. Now, it happened that the Emperor of Russia emancipated the serfs of Russia; it happened that "We the People" on this side of the Atlantic had emancipated our negroes, and so my friend had been sent over to spend two or three years in studying the arrangements which "We the People" had made and were making in local government.

I wish that I had and could print in this book the quarterly reports which that man made to his Chief of Staff. For when he went away, he knew more of the detail of the local administration of all our States north of the northern line of the Carolinas and of Tennessee than any other man who was living at that time knew. He would spend a month on the frontier to find out how the pioneers built their roads and established their schools. He would spend another month in a back county in Virginia, to see how the local justices under their old English forms of law decide cases between man and man—whose ox gored whose cow.

And after two such years of life in villages, and at cross-road inns, he appeared again in our civilization with his dress coat of evenings, and still learning something new.

"Well," he said to me one day, "it is two years that I have been knocking about in America, and I have never seen a soldier."

"Why should you?" I said. "What do you want of soldiers?" "Well — why — perhaps —don't you think that the sight of a soldier reminds people that there is a government, that there is such a reality as law?" To which question of his, I said that I thought it was a very good thing that people should be reminded of the government. But, I said, fortunately with us, sovereigns do not sit on a throne supported by bayonets. I said that the sovereign here showed himself in his acts of beneficence to everybody. I remember I put to him this question: "Have not your letters been well delivered here?" And he said that they had been admirably delivered, that the mail service of the country was the best which he could conceive of, giving me the history of the way in which a particular letter had followed him. I said, and I was proud to say, that in such service to each of the people, "We the People" were able to show what government is and what it is for. Government is an arrangement which all the people make for the benefit of each of the people. The Swiss Confederacy has put it on its coat of arms, "All for each, and each for all."

This is a new discovery to the people who have been trained under feudal institutions, under aristocratic institutions, or autocratic institutions. But it is the old habit of people who have been trained as Americans have been trained, who have been of the government and of the governed for nearly three hundred years.

A great deal better preparation for the business of government has the average American citizen who has worked out his taxes on the highway than any man who has known nothing but the forms of the military institutions of Europe, as those Russian gentlemen had been trained, or this unfortunate "War Lord" of Germany, who is going a-visiting. Governments, like other things, are tested by their fruits, not by their fuss or feathers, by their epaulettes or their dress parades.

"We the People" have a good many servants. We expect them to earn their wages, and, on the whole, they do.

PEOPLE OR KINGS? TAXES.

IN the old-fashioned government of the Old World, taxes were imposed for the use of the King or the Emperor. He wanted an army, or he wanted a palace. The people who worked for him, therefore, put on

the taxes where the money could be most easily collected. And the whole system of revenue, as it is understood in the books, began in that system. It was natural enough, and from the King's point of view it answered every purpose.

But in the absolute change of everything, between government by an autocrat and government of the people, all this changes in a republic, or *ought to change.* The people needs taxes. It is willing to pay them. But it does not need, as the King did, to place them here or there, where it is handiest for the publicans to get together the money. On the other hand, it wants to collect the money, not by taxing articles of prime necessity, but by taxing such luxuries as those who like them can afford to pay for.

Take the central instance of water again. Everybody, literally everybody, needs water, must have it. How absurd it would be to tax water. We say everybody shall pay for the water he uses, just what it costs us to bring it to him. We cannot do this precisely. But we do it as nearly as we can. And when the water dues afford more money than the cost of the service and of the money which was needed to bring it, we reduce the water rates. We do not tax the water.

Another necessity of life is wood. In a

country like ours we need wood right and left, everywhere. We need it to burn, we need it for the shingles over our head, and the floors under our feet. We need it for the chairs we sit on, and for hoe handles and for ships, and for the backs of clothes brushes, as a friend at my side reminds me.

Wood was, therefore, an excellent thing to tax in the European system of government. "Oh, yes! see, all these poor things must have wood. So we will tax their wood and they will have to pay." Natural enough.

But suppose these "poor things" become the *Sovereign?*

Why should the sovereign annoy himself? Why should he forever be taxing his toothpicks, the wheels of his carriage, the floor of his house and the shingles on his roof?

When he learns what it is to be sovereign, he will make his own business as easy for himself as he can.

In our affair, why do we tax the Canadian lumber? Every man of us wants to have lumber cheap.

Nobody wants to have our forests cut down, and our streams dried up, except the lumber lords, who want to steal from the future, to pile up what is stolen in barns to-day.

Everybody literally wants cheap fuel, quite as much as cheap water. Why should the sovereign tax his own fireplace and palace furnace? The place to begin is the duty on Canadian wood and the duty on imported coal.

LOCAL OPTION.

"LOCAL OPTION" has been and is spoken of as if the two words meant of course something about drinking. In one place an Optionist is a man who wants an eleven o'clock or an eye-opener. In another place, he is a man who wants his water straight and filtered. There is much danger that a great principle of government may be neglected by such careless talk.

Local Option gives to the people of a town, or even of a county, a sort of responsibility in the management of their own affairs, which can be gained in no other way. What makes the difference between a neat, clean village in Switzerland and the God-forsaken dirt and abominations of other parts of Europe which could easily be named, but Local Option? If it is *my* village, *my* street, *my* public square, *my* Town Hall, I am ashamed when it is neglected or defiled. If it is the baron's, or the squire's, or the knight of the shire's, why the knight of the shire, or

the squire, or the baron, may take care of it. If he takes my money, why he may see to the pavements.

You cannot make the rulers in Europe understand what self-government means. They really think that when you have said that once in two or three years the men of a community go and vote for Mr. A. or Dr. Z. to be a public officer, these people govern themselves. And then Mr. A. or Dr. Z. may send down to my town an officer from the capital of the country to tell me where to build my bridge, or how to grade my road, or whether the schoolmaster shall spell honor with two *n's* or not, according as they like at headquarters.

Now, the truth is, that when you have real self-government, John and Tom and Dick and Harry and I, and a lot more of the neighbors, get together. "Together" is the word. We talk this thing over. We say we will have the schoolhouse here, and we will buy our spelling-books there. The road shall turn off the ledge by the Widow Slocum's, and it shall go on the level by John Hill's. We say that we will turn out and mend the road on such a week in May. And what is more, we do it. I carry my spade, and the boys carry the shovels and drive the oxen, and we build the new road together.

You cannot do that sort of thing everywhere. But it is a mighty good thing when we can do it. And self-government is the government of people who carry that thing as far as they can. Local Option means that you are trying to do this. It does not refer to liquor merely. It may refer to schools, to roads, to the choice of public servants, to half the affairs of administration.

No county in New York would like it much if a "prefect" were sent down from Albany to run it. Nor would any school in Connecticut like it much if the people were told they must buy the school chairs at No. 999 North Main Street in Hartford.

Yet that is what would happen if we had not now a certain measure of "Local Option."

Co-operation and Coal

OUR WEALTH IN COMMON.

IN a letter which I wrote to be read at a public meeting about the coal strike, I said that the Pennsylvania strike led the way directly for the only logical solution, the ownership of the coal properties by the State of Pennsylvania, or eventually by the nation. It is really pathetic to see on how many sensible people this idea falls as if it had never been broached before. I may say, of course, that the great majority of thinking men have studied the importance of such a solution; but a good many people whom you would class among thinking men have spoken to me of the suggestion as if it were an absolute novelty.

To New Englanders in particular the suggestion is not a novelty, and you are happy to find that it is generally people who have been educated under absolute governments or under feudalism who think of it as a novelty. Not always, but generally. The truth is that so soon as the men

trained to English views of freedom landed here and could kick off the superstitions of feudalism, as Winthrop and Winslow and the people of both colonies did at once, they went into the government ownership of the essentials. The government owned the roads from the beginning and almost to the end of the eighteenth century. For a little while turnpikes owned by incorporated companies were the fashion; but their failure was so apparent that most of the turnpikes of the country are now a part of the public property. Originally, all churches were the property of the public, all schoolhouses were, as schoolhouses are to this hour. Indeed, in practice every church edifice is now so far a part of the public property that no tax is imposed upon it—more than would a tax be imposed upon the State house or court house.

It is interesting to see that the light-houses in New England, as now in all the United States, are a part of the property of the public. It is only under the artificial system of the English courts that the light-houses in England are held to this hour by private boards.

Naturally, in such a system, when they came round to whale fisheries and mackerel fisheries on any considerable scale, the fishing was carried on by partnership as large as the business required.

The State did not send fishing boats to sea, but the men who took the boats to sea clubbed together to do it. No one was paid special wages; but they shared, each man according to a lot determined upon, in the profits or in the charges of the voyage.

Just as soon as it became evident that towns and cities must be provided with water by aqueducts or reservoirs, under the natural genius of republican life the cities and towns undertook this work; and they now own the reservoirs and the water. We have advanced so far in this natural system that the cities and towns now own large libraries which provide everybody with reading. They own large hospitals, where everybody may be cured, as the State, from a very early period in the last century, has owned its own hospitals, and has refused to send its wards to what they call private institutions.

In this way we have become familiarized with the ownership of wealth in common. Mr. Ernst tells us that Winthrop first used the word "Commonwealth" for a political organization, the use of it previous to that time having been its use to represent the property owned by all, as commons for the feeding of cattle or the privilege of fuel in the public forests. To take other instances, the State preserved the beaches as landing-places

for all sorts and conditions of men or women, and the shores between high water and low water are to this moment held in common. So the great ponds, as they are called in distinction from ponds which can be enclosed by private ownership, are used for the common right of all the people in the towns in which they are. When the time for the Erie Canal came, and the Champlain Canal; the State of New York built them; and it now owns them, to its great profit. To the profit of this reader, also, and of this writer; for the bread on our tables to-day is materially cheaper because the State owns these great waterways.

The rule is perhaps nowhere put down as matter of statute or constitutional right, but the principle seems to be simple. It is well for the State to keep its direct control of those properties or rights in which every person is directly interested. Such are the rights of water to drink, the rights of health and air. The State exercises absolute control. The State, so to speak, owns the air; and no individual may poison it, because fresh air is one of the necessities. The State controls the use of light, and places the limits by which my neighbor is restricted from cutting off the light from my home.

In the case of fuel the practical question which

arises is whether the fuel considered is or is not a matter of prime necessity for all the people of the State. In 1825, when a man was laughed at who bought a ton of anthracite coal, it would have seemed preposterous to compare the supply of that coal with the supply of water. And people have got into the habit, therefore, of thinking that the profit on anthracite coal is a sort of God-given privilege to what is, after all, a handful of people—only a few hundred thousand at the most—living between the Susquehanna and the Delaware rivers. But this is a mere accident; and, if the supply of anthracite coal becomes necessary as an important part of the fuel supply of the nation, why, the State, which of course has the power, seems to have the duty of asserting again the control which it had in the beginning over these properties. Only one is coolly told now that the rights of property must be respected. Of course they must, precisely as the rights of the people of West Boylston were respected when the State of Massachusetts found that it needed most of that town for the metropolitan water supply. And the people of West Boylston knew perfectly well that, as citizens of Massachusetts, they must stand out of the way; and they gave up their beautiful town to be made into a beautiful lake. They had to. The peo-

ple between the Susquehanna and the Delaware rivers must be taught the same lesson. When they took their lands, they were citizens of the State of Pennsylvania; and they have held their lands subject to the conditions that, when the people needed the land, the people, which is the sovereign, would take them back and would use them.

It seems to me rather curious that in a community like ours people of the average intelligence choose to forget how much of all our property is now our wealth in common. This is certain: that for taking care of it and managing it we people in Eastern Massachusetts practically pay more than a quarter of our income. The truth is that more than a quarter of our property is in our wealth in common. I find that at present those of my friends who have any property are very glad if they can get 5 per cent interest upon it. I observe at the same time that for supplying them with the prime necessities of justice, health, education, easy intercourse between house and house and between town and town, for providing them with books and open churches, and hospitals and public parks, the State of Massachusetts and the city of Boston require them to pay a third part of this 5 per cent into the public treasury.

The more cynical among them growl because of this requisition. But I observe that the same people send their children to public schools, walk on the sidewalk when they go to make afternoon visits or to cut off their coupons, that they send to the public library if they want to read their Adam Smith, and come to church if they want to hear Mr. Edward Cummings. Why the grumblers of this sort are disinclined to any simple measure which will save us from coal panics or famines, I can understand—they will always grumble. But why people who are used to owning Boston Common and the Boston Public Library and Washington Street and Tremont Street in common, who know that the schoolhouses, the city hospitals, and the Franklin Park are owned in common, why they should think it would be a very exceptional thing to own coal mines in common I do not see.

CO-OPERATION.

THE TOM, DICK, AND HARRY SOCIETY.

LAST May, on one of those pleasant afternoons in the first half of the month, Richard Roe and Thomas Hazeldon found themselves sitting side by side, smoking on one of the seats in Madison Square.

This had happened several times lately. They bought the afternoon *Journal* in the car, got out as it passed the Square, and as long as the cigars lasted they sat in a shady place they had found.

That fruit man, the same who is with those Cuban people—Smith his name is, Harry T. Smith, joined them. They both knew him, but they do not generally sit on the same seat to smoke.

But this time when Smith joined them he said at once, "I say, fellows, how much coal do you lay in for a winter? I have been talking with one of the Philadelphia men. I met him at Cienfuegos last year. He wants to bring me three hundred tons of hard coal and deliver it where I say before the first of June. I don't want five tons myself. But a lot of my neighbors up at Yonkers have chipped in and some men in the cars this morning chipped in and I asked every man I met at lunch if he did not want some. We are going to share and share, and pay them on the first of June just what the coal cost over at Hoboken when it gets there."

Well, Hazeldon took eight tons for himself and his sister, and Roe took three tons for his house and three for his office.

This was the beginning of the "Tom, Dick, and Harry Combination" which has been talked

of so much by all the people who have heard of it, in which all those men who chipped in in May are so comfortable just now, while all the rest of us are cursing and swearing.

If co-operation sometimes succeeds as well as this, why does it not succeed so always? If I spoke to five sensible men this morning about co-operation, they would notably all say that co-operation had always failed.

The truth is that co-operation in manufacture has won its best successes in France. Co-operation in insurance and buying and building of houses has won its success in the United States. Co-operation in such affairs as this of the "Tom, Dick, and Harry" coal purchase has succeeded marvellously in England, in the great Rochdale co-operative system. But that has not succeeded in America. Co-operative house-building has hardly been attempted in France, and though there are a few co-operative factories in England and America, they make no part of our system.

The difficulty in America which first appears in introducing the Rochdale system here is the willingness, even eagerness, of our workmen to move from place to place. Every man of us has emigrant blood, not many generations back. We all "thirst for the horizon." While in Rochdale, or I might say any other manufacturing town

in England, almost every serious man wants to stay there until he dies; in America, every intelligent workman wants to be foot-free, to start at a fortnight's notice with his family for Seattle, for Denver, or for Manila.

Just as your nice and neat Rochdale co-operative store No. 1 gets established in New Sheffield, Nahum Stringfellow comes in, one of the best men on its board, and he says to Mr. Manypenny, the treasurer, "Manypenny, I am going to take my family to Luzon, and I shall want to take out all my stock here next Saturday." Now, the shops on the Rochdale system cannot stand this long, and we must contrive in America a system of our own, by which the co-operative plan can be fitted in with our habits. This we can do, for if America has some disadvantages it has many advantages. A country in which a thousand men can club together to buy and build their homes can certainly make arrangements by which a thousand men can buy their coal, their flour, their butter, their coffee and their tea.

CO-OPERATION AGAIN.

THE coal famine and the success of such arrangements as the "Tom, Dick, and Harry Combination" have set thousands of persons, between here and Seattle, to devising similar plans by which they may buy, not only coal, but other things cheaper.

It is well known that a third of the people in England, almost all the workingmen, buy what they need by a co-operative system. Why not Nahum Rhoades in West New Padua, South Dakota, as well as Mr. George Holyoake in Rochdale? Some people are talking sense about this and many talk nonsense. Some know what they are talking about, and some do not. The American people will work out its own salvation in the matter. No fear of that! But we need not make blundering experiments. There is a need of advice and a need of caution. And as the wise Turk said, "Let those who know tell those who do not know."

George Holyoake, the great authority, always says squarely that the combiners must have more than money profit in mind, indeed, they must have something larger and better than money in mind, first of all. Send for one of his books about the Rochdale plan. An Odd Fellows

lodge is a good co-operative club. Any church with a good democratic organization and a working bureau for mutual help is good. For the men and women in the plan must not be asking for dividends all the time. They are doing this thing because they do not want to cut each other's throats.

Again, the co-operative store in West New Padua had better deal in what everybody wants and not try for filigree or feathers. Thus, everybody wants pitchers and basins. Everybody wants stockings and shoes. Everybody wants matches and burning fluid; everybody wants nails and tacks and screw-drivers and hammers. Everybody wants fuel. And for those things which there is a steady demand for, the store may take care. But everybody does not want a chromo copy of the Dulwich Madonna, nor Story's *Commentary on the Constitution.*

The store must have capital. The merit of the Rochdale system is that every person who buys a paper of pins becomes, sooner or later, an owner in the common stock, which has to be kept in the store. But, as I said once before here, no business can be maintained, if one of the partners in the firm can come in of a sudden and say, "Fellows, I am going off to Manila, and I must have all my capital in money next

Monday." Whoever goes into co-operation goes in for the voyage, as we say down East, and he had better go in for many voyages.

Now, all the mistakes here hinted at have been tried and tried again. There is no reason under the heavens why North Padua or South Leyden should try them again. If the first lodge, or circle, or grange that wants to try the experiment means success, they will study carefully the English Rochdale rules. Then they will study the rules of the co-operative building societies of New York. Rochdale has succeeded in England. The building societies have succeeded here. The sensible "combine" will begin by combining these two systems. And the sensible combine will be wise, if, in the words of our fine national proverb, it do not bite off more than it can chew.

CO-OPERATION AGAIN.

SOMETIMES the system of our social order receives a sudden shock from some runaway trolley car, and people wake up enough to wonder whether it cannot be improved.

"Perhaps that fellow who said last Sunday that we are all each other's keepers and that we must bear each other's burdens knew what he

was talking about." Such is the ejaculation of some worthy old gentleman who has just come back from the safe deposit where he has been cutting off his coupons, and has stopped at the coal office to be told he can only have one ton of coal. He looks for his Adam Smith, and cannot find out what is the matter. He curses Adam Smith, for which he has more reason than for most of his profane ejaculations. And, as he selects his cigar and settles down to his *Nation*, his little granddaughter, wishing to assuage his anger, asks if people have tried the Golden Rule.

Then the old grumbler rouses up enough to say that he believes they tried "co-operation," and that he thinks it failed.

I mean by all this that "co-operation" is talked about and inquired about just when people feel the pinch and screw. But I observe that the grumblers did not choose or care to help co-operation forward until their own fingers were pinched in the door. Happily, it is never too late to learn; and one is glad to know that the friends of co-operation seize the opportunity to expound their simple gospel to all who have ears to hear.

At almost any time in the last twelve months hard wood for fuel could be bought at the wharf

in Boston for six dollars and fifty cents a cord.

If I had been one of fifty persons who met last April in Boston, and each laid down thirteen dollars, I should on this first of October have two cords of hard wood awaiting my order. I was not one. So, when I go to the wood wharf to-day, I am told that by paying fourteen dollars I can have one cord, but only one. This little fact arrests my attention, and I begin muttering about "co-operation." I begin even to wonder whether it would not have been better if I had heard Prof. Peabody's lectures on "Co-operation," or bought Mr. Lloyd's book or Mr. Cooke's or even Dr. Hale's. Perhaps, if I had, I should have two cords of wood instead of one.

For readers in this semi-penitential vein of thought, about their own omissions, the following words are written.

It is quite true, as the grumbler says, that while co-operation has been signally successful in some countries and in some undertakings, experiments tried in this business have often utterly failed. The writers on the subject are apt to say that co-operation in manufacture has had its best success in France. It seems that the German system of "co-operation" in banking has been more successful than any such system in

other countries. In America "co-operation" has taken the control of insurance, so that almost all insurance on lives here is made on the co-operative principle. Very remarkable success has been achieved by the co-operative building societies, and I like to say here that I think Mr. Josiah Quincy's advice and experience and adventure gave a start in that business which it has never lost. In England great success has been gained in co-operative trade. In Mr. Lloyd's very valuable book, published three or four years ago, he gives the figures which show the success of the great movement there. In one table in his Appendix, as a result of thirty-four years' progress of the English Co-operative Wholesale Society, he shows that its business in 1897 was the purchase and distribution of articles needed in the co-operative stores amounting to fifty-nine million dollars' worth in that year. I believe that the purchase and sale of tea by the central organization was larger than that of any other importing corporation with one exception.

The genius of America has always run in this direction. The establishment of free schools in the beginning here was a piece of co-operation for education. The whale fisheries of Nantucket, the mackerel fisheries of other ports, were always to a very recent period conducted on the prin-

ciple of co-operation; that is to say, each person concerned in the ship or the schooner which tried the adventure received a proportional part of the profit and paid his proportional part of the expenses, according to a statement agreed upon in advance. By this plan every man and every boy had his "lay" in the voyage. So soon as the necessity of supplying towns with water appeared, the American cities adopted the co-operative system. And in almost every instance—I know myself of no exception—the water supply is regulated on the principle of all for each and each for all.

The Rochdale system in England, which has had such extraordinary success, is not a system for manufacture nor insurance nor banking. It is a system in which those who unite buy what they want at wholesale, to divide among the members, with no charge but the expense of the operation. In 1844 a few workmen in the manufacturing town of Rochdale met and agreed to buy together some supplies which they would need for their families. This enterprise has gone so far that it has extended into the great system of co-operative shops and stores which now covers England. But the Rochdale system has never succeeded in America for more than a limited period of time. For this failure

there are many reasons; and when one tells such a story as I have told above, of the imaginary fifty people who bought their wood last April and are now, if they exist, laughing in their sleeves at us who did not, one has to take these failures into account.

My friend Mr. George Littlefield is one of the persons who has studied them, and I am very glad to know that Mr. Littlefield and his friends propose to establish in Massachusetts a system of co-operation based upon the English success and free from the difficulties which have heretofore obstructed success in America. If they should ask my advice, I should say that I do not know much about it, but that I have studied the matter carefully for fifty years and am satisfied of two or three things.

First, that the American workman has in his very blood the passion to wander. He is certainly a descendant of the emigrant; and he has the emigrant life in his veins. While, therefore, an English co-operative store is well-nigh sure that most of its co-operators want to stay in that place until they die, the manager of the American co-operative store must remember that some of the best fellows in it may want to go to Duluth or Seattle to-morrow and to take with them all that they have invested. The English plan must

be adapted to this habit, or it will not succeed.

Second, I am quite sure that the co-operative system must be so arranged as to provide simply for the essentials of life. The co-operative store may deal successfully in wood, coal, flour, thread, needles, and other things which everybody wants; but it had better not attempt the general or fancy trade. The same rule applies in matters of government ownership. The State is wise which owns canals, which everybody needs. The State is not wise which undertakes to own the dwelling-houses, because one family wants one sort of house and another family wants another.

Third, and chiefly, the English co-operative stores all started with a moral or idealistic theory at bottom. The founders did not say, "Go to, you shall save money" first. They said first, "Let us help each other." Holyoake, who is not suspected of being over-religious, said squarely that it would be a good thing if churches would take upon themselves the business of buying in common for the worshippers. I believe the Ruggles Street people here have had the wit to do this already. And this is what Mr. Littlefield proposes at Haverhill. He and his friends will succeed now, according to me, if they keep

this eternal principle in the forefront of their plans. Do not say, "We will be richer if we bear each other's burdens," but do say, "Our lives will be larger, the State will be more prosperous, civilization will go forward, and the kingdom of God will come if we can contrive some simple way in which, for the essentials of physical life, men shall bear each other's burdens." All this is set forth at length in Mr. Lloyd's book, in Mr. Cooke's book, and, as I have modestly intimated, in my own book, "How They Lived at Hampton." There is a curious story about this book that I will tell, even at the risk of the suspicion of egotism. But I and the readers of this column are a sort of family group who can say some things to each other which we would not proclaim to mankind. I wrote "Hampton" in 1888, and sent it to the American Sunday-School Society in competition for a premium which they offered.

Another man got the premium. So I published the book myself, and I have myself been very glad I did so. When it was published, the newspaper press, which at that time had very few people connected with it who had the courage of their convictions, was very much afraid of the book. They did not know what it meant, and were afraid that it recommended anarchy.

So it happened that the book was never recommended by anybody to anybody except by Mr. George Holyoake, who honored it so far that he reprinted it in England. In America, however, it had to work its own way. It has been a very interesting thing to me to observe that the sale of it has been in separate copies, as one workman after another heard of it and wrote his private letter to ask for it. It has been to me a valuable illustration of the indifference which the public pays to what are called the literary judgments of the press. On the other hand, it has been an illustration of the certainty that, in the long run, the people who want that "sort of thing" will find that "sort of thing." I think that this is one of the wise maxims of President Lincoln.

FIRE AND WATER.

A New Lake.

AN old-fashioned traveller who thinks he knows his own country well, and especially his own county, finds himself on a comfortable old-fashioned railroad which we have in Massachusetts, on his way to his Alma Mater, Amherst College.

He had just laid down the *American Journal,*

which he had read to the 24th page, and he says to himself, This must be near their home, and he gets his handkerchief ready to wave it as they pass Jabez Hinds's house. Hinds was his chum in college. He always does wave it as they go by.

"Thirty-seven miles, Clinton Station, forty miles, Boylston, here we are," he says. "Why no! what is there? What in thunder is that wall, what are those carts digging? Porter, what has become of West Boylston?" The porter does not know. The brakeman does not know. The conductor comes along, and he intimates that old Mr. Bixby is a fool because he does not know that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts happened to want West Boylston and took it.

The bones of the dead in the graveyard were tenderly removed to St. John's Cemetery. The houses were moved or taken down. And a lake three or four miles long by two or three miles wide is to take the place of West Boylston.

Simply, a million people of Massachusetts, more or less, wanted more water to drink, and to wash their carriages and to flush their sewers. They went to the State House and said they wanted it. "All right," said the Legislature.

And as soon as the great dam is finished, say next April, the water which those million people need will be filling up the Wachusett Reservoir.

Now, I might go to any swell club in Boston, or I might go down State Street and stop ten of the most intelligent men in the town, and say to them that within three years the State has taken the property of a thousand men for the public good of the people of the State. I might say to them, "You could not wash your faces if the State did not do such things." And I should find that not one man in the ten knows, or indeed cares, that a town has been swept out of existence that he might wash his face.

So simply and easily are such things done all the time when there is a public necessity.

Pray, why should Mr. Knickerbocker, when I meet him at Sherry's, or Mr. Girling, when I meet him at the Somerset Club, be so horrified, when I tell him that the State of Pennsylvania must take a few square miles of coal fields and use them for the public good? He is living every hour of his life in a system which depends on such use of such power. Why does he call me all sorts of nicknames, "Anarchist," "Socialist," "Jacobin," and the rest, because I propose to do on a small scale what has been done a thousand times on a larger scale?

Who made the Central Park? And where is the power that made Central Park?

Who made the Pennsylvania Railroad, and where is the power that took a strip of land from Philadelphia to Pittsburg to make it?

And why is not a coal fire as necessary as a ride from the Delaware River to the Ohio, or a wash-basin full of water?

HIS MAJESTY THE PEOPLE.

WHEN this monarch takes the throne he finds that he has some jobs on hand which selfish monarchs have neglected. It is not that men have not thought of them. But they have not taken them to heart as His Majesty the People does.

Four thousand years ago there was an emperor in Egypt who established granaries for the people by which in time of famine he could provide for them, even if there were bad crops for many years. But he did this only to screw money out of his subjects.

When the Roman people took their own government into hand, their magistrates had wit enough to provide the great storehouses of food

which lifted the masses of men wholly above the danger of bad voyages or bad harvests.

The same thing happened here. So soon as the great grain States found the dangers of the inherited systems, they placed their great grain elevators directly under the charge of the State. The constitutions of the States of the northern Mississippi made such provision for the elevators, that in any State it is possible for the people, whenever the people needs, to provide a food supply for an indefinite future.

His Majesty the People is now learning, in this city and in all the leading cities, that the people must not live in the hand-to-mouth fashion which has so utterly broken down.

His Majesty must do with his fuel what for a generation he has done with the national treasury.

Seventy-five years ago, if a man went to Uncle Sam's head servant and said, "Mr. Madison, you owe me a thousand dollars," that poor beggar had to say, "Well, come in a fortnight and I will save up all that comes in, and you shall have it." This is what my coal dealer says to me to-day.

But now Uncle Sam lays by in his treasury one or two hundred millions of gold, more if there be need, so that a poor scrubbing woman

in the Patent Office shall be paid as soon as her job is done.

His Majesty the People must take that lesson to heart. His Majesty will not leave to the Big Bear, or the Little Bear, or the Middle Bear the storage of his fuel. Exactly as Uncle Sam has now saltpetre in store which would carry him through ten years of war, His Majesty the People will have coal in store and on tap, if a railway breaks down, or a harbor freezes up, or a gang of operatives quarrel.

The same common sense which made His Majesty the People store water for the daily use of the City of New York may guide His Majesty to keeping in store for them a twelve months' supply of coal. It is an investment quite as safe as little kegs of gold are.

OLD-FASHIONED FUEL.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, the locomotive Stephenson, was standing with an English nobleman one Sunday morning on the terrace in front of this gentleman's palace. A train of cars swept through the valley. Stephenson asked the other what he supposed was dragging the train.

"Why, one of your engines, of course!"

"Oh, yes," said Stephenson, "one of my engines, of course, but what drives the engine?"

"Why, the steam, of course; the steam drives the piston, and the piston turns the wheels."

"Yes, yes, of course, and what makes the steam?"

"Does not the fire make the steam?" said the puzzled listener.

"Why, of course, but what is the fire? The fire is God's own sunlight and sunshine as He packed it away a hundred thousand years ago in the ferns and mosses and brakes and trees of Lancashire morasses so that it might be unpacked to-day and boil the water to change it to steam, to drive the piston which turns the wheels, so that the train may go."

That is, in fact, one way in which the good God provides us all to-day with our daily bread.

For others, He provides it to-day ready made. And while I put on my arctic boots and my fur gloves, my Cousin Miranda in Jamaica has her tiny, pretty walking shoes, the same she wore at Newport, and is carrying her sunshade, for fear she should be burned. She has her sunshine on tap, and it is fresh brewed.

At the same moment it happens that the State of New York, from a droll preference for canned sunshine, spent last year some 999,000,000 dol-

lars in its infirmaries, and hospitals, and asylums of twenty different names, when in Florida and Texas the glorious sun in to-day's heat is warming the rich people who choose to go so far and meet him. There are in the State "institutions" thousands of men, women, and children who will be shut up indoors for the next five months who would be better out-of-doors, would be happier out-of-doors, would get well if they were out-of-doors. And five dollars apiece for each would carry each one of those men, or women, or children there, and when they were there, they could rake in their own gardens, and see their own strawberries grow, and send home fresh flowers to their cousins in flat number 39 in West Two Thousand and Seventh Street.

Nothing but a queer superstition in favor of the sunshine which is packed away in coal, forbids our establishing our public institutions where the good God is ready to warm them, and where their inmates can become outmates by living in the open air. It is probably too late this year to set on foot the transfer of persons of delicate lungs from the public infirmaries, where they will die this winter, to an open air infirmary at the South, where they would get well. But it is not too late to get on foot our measures for the future.

BETTER AND BETTER.

THE general enthusiasm with which the President's plan for the coal difficulties has been met goes a great way in insuring the success of the measure proposed. Even better than this, it gives to the country at large and to all persons interested in the study of government a new illustration of the fitness of our Constitution to meet exigencies as they arise. It is an illustration of what has become fairly an American proverb, the important truth that "some things may be done as well as others."

The Constitution has been pronounced by high authority to be the most remarkable work ever struck off by any company of men in so short a time. It is remarkable, not only for what it does say, but for what it does not say. It is remarkable for the American People, because for them it has given some new definitions for the discussion of the science of government. Every American now knows what is meant when he speaks of *national* issues and of *national* legislation, and of what is meant when he speaks of *local* administration and *local* issues. There are not ten men in Europe who have any defini-

tions of the corresponding words which approach the accuracy of the definitions given for our half the continent in the Constitution of the United States. That is to say, the Constitution provides for the year 1902 as well as it provides for the year 1802. Not in words. No! If you please, the men who made the Constitution did not know enough, nor did they foresee with accuracy enough to write down in words systems which would meet the exigencies of to-day. Had there arisen in the convention any man who would say, "I have been trying an experiment with a stone which looks like coal, but does not seem to be coal; and the result of my experiment is that I think in 1903 the seaboard States will depend upon this hard black stone, which does not seem to be coal, for fuel, and I should like arrangements made in the Constitution which will enable all those States to obtain a supply of this mineral at a fair price. I propose that the Constitution shall enforce measures which will prevent greediness or selfishness, or any other device of Satan, from hindering such provision," —if any man had made this proposal, I think he would have been set down as a crazy man, and Dr. Rush would have been sent for to take him in charge. No such prophet appeared. It was not necessary to send any one to Bedlam, and the

Constitution does not mention the word "coal" or "fuel" or "mines."

All the same it proves that the President of the United States is able to speak the word "peace," and his word is heard. More powerful than a king, more powerful than parties, with a language which could not have been foreordained and with a power which could not be grounded in words, the President of the United States meets the great exigency.

Such success as this ought to shut the mouths forever of all literalists, of all people who wish to carve this or that in letters graven in stone or in bronze. It is better that some things should not be written down than that they should be. It is as true as it ever was that the letter of the instrument kills, and that only the spirit gives life. Such a success, again, gives warrant to believe that the nation is not endangered by the various steps which make it smaller and smaller by every year.

But little more than a century ago the Supreme Court of the United States met once a quarter for more than two years, and no case was brought before it for decision. The court which was to hear all cases between State and State, which was to hear appeals in all cases between the citizen of one State and the citizen of another,

was not called upon for such action in any one of the first nine of its quarterly sessions. So little was the communication between Massachusetts and Georgia or between Rhode Island and Connecticut that their interstate relations did not command the attention of the Supreme Court. To-day a merchant from Maine goes through a dozen States or more on his way to New Orleans, transacts his business there, and is back at his home before the week has closed. Or, if he be more hardly pressed, he sends word of his need to his New Orleans correspondent, and receives an answer before half an hour has expired. Or a citizen of New York finds that the winter is going to be cold, and he takes the invalid members of his family to Southern Florida, leaves them there, and is back in his office before his neighbors know that he has been away.

At the first impression it would seem that the instrument of union which was made for thirteen States as far parted as were the States in 1787 could not be adapted to a compact little nation, where from one corner to another the citizens can talk with each other or can visit each other as neighbors, where they have the duties, the privileges, and the dangers of neighborhood life. May it not happen, perhaps, that with greater

intimacy there shall be more causes of dissension, and that what was possible in the way of union where distances were so great may prove to be impossible when time and space are annihilated?

No! Whatever the theorists might guess, it proves, in fact, that the nearer men are to each other, and the more necessary they are to each other, the more certain is it that their union will hold if it is a union meant for the common advance and for the general welfare. The victory in this matter of coal makes it easier to promise success in other national matters of which the fathers in 1787 did not dream—the preservation of the national forests, the irrigation of the national deserts, the prevention of contagious disease. Or, to speak in general, the welfare of all the people is easier and more certain if the nation succeeds in establishing peace where there has been war, in the regions between the Susquehanna and the Delaware.

THE PRESIDENT'S ARBITRATION.

AS the November number of the *Record* goes to press, President Roosevelt's great court of arbitration has opened its sessions in the city of Washington. The court has white paper to write upon, and although it is established by no statute, it is a

great moral power. From its decisions there may well arise more humane and civilized arrangements for daily duty in the mines, a more humane and intelligent direction of the legislation of Pennsylvania of the duties of property holders, a more humane and intelligent direction of the distribution of fuel among the people on the Atlantic side of the Appalachian mountains.

It is by no accident that in the legislation of hundreds of years the product of mines has been regarded in all civilized nations as under the especial control of the State. The arrangements, even of feudal nations, with all their folly and stupidity, have been made in the understanding that the State has a certain duty with regard to the products of mines, which it does not assume in the distribution of the annual products of the farm. There has, therefore, never been any opportunity so good as this for an American State to establish the principles of co-operation between laborers and capitalists as that which presents itself now in the reorganization of the mining region, so small in comparison, of the uplands between the Delaware and the Susquehanna. Co-operative effort is by no means unknown in America. In our New England life it was a matter of common life and common law, from the beginning, that the freeholders of the town

turn out in person with their oxen and horses and spades and pickaxes, to work upon the roads of the town. It was a matter of course from the beginning that the taxes of the town supplied the schoolhouse, as the people of the town built the roads. From the very beginning, it was taken as a matter of course that the light-houses of the State should be paid for by the State; and as soon as the State made itself a part of the nation, the nation assumed the oversight of the whole establishment for lighthouses, for buoys and of lightships and all conveniences for commerce. No ship of the line so great and no fisherman so insignificant that admiral or fisherman should pay a penny to Massachusetts Bay, or to the United States when the United States came into existence, as a fee for a light-house which was established for the public good.

In all matters where all are concerned, the common law of this nation requires that all shall live for each and each for all. The methods of co-operation have been tried in the last century in the different Christian nations of the world with varying success. Co-operative manufacture has attained its best results in France, where the great co-operative establishment at Guise is perhaps one of the largest in the world. A better illustration, however, perhaps, is that at Le Claire,

in Illinois, where the great co-operative company instituted by Mr. Nelson carries on its manufacture. I should say that our greatest success in America as yet is not so much in co-operative manufacture as it is in co-operative insurance, and in the admirable and inestimable establishments in the large cities, where men co-operate for the building of their own houses. In England co-operation in trade—so that the workman is partner in the establishment which sells him his cloth, his food and his fuel—has been singularly successful.

The gentlemen who are sitting in the high tribunal created by President Roosevelt's success have it in their power to show how the true principles of co-operation can be applied to the mining of coal. It will require all the practical knowledge of experts in mining to arrange the detail of this system. But the principles of it have been well laid down by George Holyoake in England, by Mr. William B. Weeden in Providence and by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd of Chicago. Very briefly stated, they are these:

1. Capital as capital has a right to a certain annual interest, to be paid to those who do not give any personal attention to the direction of the industry, but who do furnish the tools of operation, the machinery of what is generally

called the "plant." He who does this may go to the Falkland Islands or to the Antarctic continent, and may reside there in a convent for ten years, and still he is entitled to a certain regular interest on the capital with which he sets forward and maintains the enterprise.

2. The man of affairs, the *entrepreneur,* the ingenious supervisor of methods and manager of the concern, has his share in the profit of the enterprise and is entitled to have it paid him on a regular system.

3. The intelligent workman, who brings his skill to the control of the matter, and the laborer, who is a different person, intelligent, or not intelligent, who brings his muscle, his weight, the machinery of his fingers and such intelligence as he can contribute to the daily product, all these are entitled to their share in the profits, and they must bear their share in the failures.

A true system of adjustment involves an arrangement by which each of those parties shall receive his share of the results of the chief enterprise. It is difficult, but it is not impossible, to arrange a system in which this shall be brought about.

The State of Pennsylvania, under right of eminent domain, can assume the duty of carrying into effect any system which the arbitration

board shall suggest. It is said of kings that their wishes are commands. The wishes of this arbitration board will be a command to the Legislature of Pennsylvania. It will not be asked to do anything remarkable, when it is commanded to purchase some or all the anthracite coal lands of the top highlands between the Susquehanna and the Delaware. It assumed a much greater power when, in another generation, it gave a strip of land to what is now the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, between Philadelphia and Virginia. It assumed far greater responsibilities when it instructed the city of Philadelphia to build the waterworks of the Schuylkill. If it should flinch, if it should refuse, there is another political entity, stronger than the State of Pennsylvania. Its name is the United States. When it is necessary, it takes what the national need requires, from the State as from the individual; and if it needs a rock for a light-house, it takes that rock. If it needs a railway from St. Louis to San Francisco, it takes the land for that railway. If it need, for its navy, for its internal commerce or for the people of the United States, to take the coal lands of Pennsylvania, it can take them.

And it will take them, unless the State of Pennsylvania assumes the duty which is properly its own.

MRS. STANTON.

THE death of Mrs. Stanton at a ripe old age makes men look back in spite of themselves and inquire how much has been gained in the proclamation of the rights of women in which she has been so loyal to her own sex. It is a satisfaction to be able to say, that in most of the States the legislation has been largely improved which relates to the position of women before the courts, and that their property rights are much more like those of men than they were at the period of Mrs. Stanton's birth. Mrs. Stanton has to be fairly credited with a very considerable share in the awakening of public attention to the subjects involved. Meanwhile, the whole of the social order of the time improves and women have had their share in the improvement, as men have had. I like to say in passing that people who have had to do with Spanish legislation in Louisiana, in Texas, in New Mexico, and in Califor-

nia, have learned that the Spanish laws on such subjects were, generally, more simple than ours. Mrs. Stanton would have said that women are more sure of their public rights under the customs and laws in New Mexico than they are in South Carolina. And whoever wants to study the subject had better make a pretty careful examination of the law of Texas, as it exists at this moment, by way of finding out what he had better "do about it."

Meanwhile, the women have many other advantages now such as a girl born in 1815 did not have. In some of the earlier American story books, or novels of the beginning of the century, the Moravian school at Bethlehem is spoken of as the only school in the country where young girls could receive what they now call the higher education. And anybody who will see what the young girl studied at Bethlehem will be amused at the contrast to the studies at Vassar College, or Aurora, or the high schools in New York to-day. It must be confessed, however, that a good many of the leaders of the women in this business have mistaken their "leading," as our Quaker friends say.

There has been constantly a statement that higher education of women is neglected in this country, while the higher education of men is

cared for. This was true enough if people only chose to speak of the collegiate education of the most expensive and rare kind. In 1850, for instance, a few thousand men graduated at the colleges of America, and no women did. But this whipped syllabub at the top of the educational pyramid was not the part of the repast which most people fed upon. In 1850, in 1870, and in 1900 more young women than young men went beyond the mere education for the three R's—reading, writing, and arithmetic. For to this hour, the average American boy is withdrawn from school at an earlier age than the average American girl. We must not mislead ourselves by taking figures from New York or Chicago. Taking the country at large, the girl in a well-to-do family remains at school until she is sixteen or seventeen years of age, on the average. A boy, excepting perhaps for a few weeks in the winter school, is withdrawn from school and goes to work at thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen. In my own city of Boston, the average boy leaves school never to enter it again after he is fourteen years old.

What follows in nine cases out of ten of American families, where there is money enough for the advanced education of their children is, that the girls, say in a well-to-do country town,

learn some little rudiments of a foreign language, that they have some education in music, in art, that they go through "high school studies," so called. If you go to the annual commencements of the high school in any one of our larger towns, you will find that three-quarters of the graduating class are young women of sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen years of age, and only one-quarter young men of the same age. Now, it is very likely to happen under such conditions of school training that the boy forms his associations with other boys who left school with him, that he tries the rather dangerous experiments of the lurking-places of the village in the evening. As a friend of mine writes me, he studies life by throwing lager beer corks across the forum of the village store. His sister, a little older, or a little younger, than he, is at the same moment attending the Browning Club or the Cecilia or the something else, with a dozen of her young lady friends, while the boy is wishing he were old enough to be chosen into the fire company. Now, this is not an advantage, either to the boy or to the girl. It is a disadvantage to both of them. In my judgment, Mrs. Stanton and her friends would have done more service to young men and to young women by trying to keep the education of each sex on the same plane as

that of the other. Nothing was gained when the girls were taught "French and philosophy" if, at the same time, the boys took the notion that the society which their own sisters were fond of was not in every sort the society for them.

WOMEN'S CLUBS.

THE establishment of thousands of women's clubs in all parts of the nation has worked and is working a great improvement in social activities. Naturally the leaders lead in such enterprises. In the long run that is a law of human society.

All the same, sometimes a promising club goes to the wall, or, as our excellent English friends say, goes to the bow-wows. It promises well and it does nothing else well. It has a president, who has good clothes. It has two vice-presidents, one of whom lives in the north part of town and one in the south. That is all right. It has a recording secretary and a corresponding secretary, and a treasurer and two auditors. That is all right. It has a constitution which can be amended on a motion made by three members at a meeting called for that special purpose. No harm in that. But alas, and alas, the interest languishes after a year or two! The ladies

do not propose new members. And at last there is no money in the treasury, and after trying a "course of lectures" to raise money the club dies and makes no sign.

And yet dear Mrs. Judge Mansfield, writing from that unknown place in North Dakota, where they went to live when her husband was appointed to be district judge for Northwest America, writes to us to say that they have an excellent club in New Padua, and to ask why she does not hear from ours.

So it is as well for the *American Journal* to reveal a secret and make it an open secret.

The club which failed, failed because it was good for nothing. Nothing selfish succeeds in this world. Poor Mr. Tenmillions who died the other day did not succeed, because he did nothing to help anybody else.

The rule of life is that which was laid down by the musketeers in the beginning of Dumas's novel, "All for each and each for all." Now, if you think of it, a club which exists simply for the amusement and satisfaction of its members is just as selfish as Mr. Tenmillions was.

The Blue Butterfly Club of Cranberry Centre existed simply for the amusement of its members, or for the instruction of its members, and for the advancing its members in the social order

of Cranberry Centre, and therefore it went to the bad. It ought to have gone to the bad; the laws of the universe compelled it to go to the bad; and so I am glad to say that the Blue Butterfly Club does not exist any longer.

Sometimes it takes a club ten years to die. That is, when at the outset there was a good, large subscription and the best people of the town went in, and they always had a good balance in the treasury and the officers could get well paid for a few years.

But if it existed only for the officers, only for the members, it could not live—it could not live any more than a baby could live at the bottom of the ocean; it dies because it ought to die.

There is no community between Tiajuana on the southwest and northeast Norumbega, which is 47 degrees north latitude, where there is not something which a woman's club can do for the improvement or advantage of people outside the women themselves.

In practice, I observe that it is a good thing to have such a club in close connection with the almshouse of the county. It is a good thing for such a club to be well acquainted with the sanitary board and know where the water and the drainage are bad.

It is a good thing for such a club to welcome

the Armenian and the Bohemian and the Cappadocian and the Dalecarlian as they arrive from the different parts of the world; and unless a woman's club has its eyes opened to see outside its immediate company, to whom it can be of use, that club is sure to die. What is more, it is an excellent thing that it should die.

WHAT DO THE GIRLS NEED?

THIS is not what the leaders among them ask for. Twenty years ago Mrs. Stanton and her friends were begging that they might go to the men's colleges. "Do you really mean that you want to study the integral calculus and analyze the hydroprotoxide of albumenal protoplasm?" And the leaders and their friends said, "That is just what we want."

"Go ahead," said a good-natured world, and many colleges opened the way for them. At the same time, the same colleges introduced what is called the elective system. This means that if you want to study the curve of the inner satellite which has just been discovered at Breslau as eclipsed once in four years and a half by the planet Neptune, you may study that. Or if you want to study the

influence of the Digamma as exhibited on the tombstones at a village on Athos, you may study that. Or if you want to attend a course of lectures on Balzac's novels you may attend them.

Well, some of the bona fide women's colleges held bravely to their business. They made the girls pass just such an examination as Yale University and Columbia College require for boys. They have their reward. That is, they have a set of hard-working women named in their catalogues, who are willing to work and to work hard.

But the temptation on some of the colleges was too strong for them to hold to this stiff rule. If a girl could read a little French and knew what the rule of three meant, she could slip in. What follows is, that the leaders in such schools have a set of nice, pretty girls who elect "Professor Doubleday's lectures on Balzac," or "Dr. Prettyman's course on the Elizabethan plays," or "Mr. Wanderjahre's excavations in Vallambrosa." Indeed, the girls go to the college much as a boy does who goes to play baseball. She goes "to have a good time," and she has it.

What American women tell me they want is to learn how to live and be of use to the people

around them. And one thing they think they need, and which nobody teaches them, is how to take care of their gardens, their trees, their orchards, their wood lots. There is not, I believe, a college or a seminary, outside a few agricultural schools proper, in which a woman can be taught how to bud a peach-tree, or how to thin out a bit of wood-land. She can be taught rhetoric; yes. She can be taught what was the mistake when people used syllogisms; yes. But she cannot learn what corn she shall buy when she goes to the market town. I have known plenty of high schools where the scholars could tell what was the value in English currency of four hundred and twenty-nine quarters of barley. They knew that, because the sums in the book were based on such questions. And yet if I carried into the school a handful of oats and a handful of barley, not one girl in a hundred would know which was which.

The girls and the women are as practical as the men and the boys. They want to be of use, and the college which wants to train its pupils for really practical life will teach American girls to live as Americans. For nineteen out of twenty of them this life is a life where they are interested in the growth of flowers, fruit, harvests, and forests. They are more interested in

it than they are in quaternions or in the dramatists of Queen Elizabeth's time. And it is quite time for the great women's colleges to provide themselves and their pupils for such necessities.

OPEN-AIR LIFE FOR WOMEN.

OF eighty million people in the United States, three and a half million live in Greater New York. Two million live in Chicago; and five million more, "be the same more or less," as the old deeds say, live in the smaller cities—Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and the rest.

So we have a wail every three months from somebody that, alas and alas! a quarter part of the people in America live in cities, and somebody reminds us that a hundred years ago Jefferson said that "great cities are great sores." And then the wailers and weepers and people in general who like to show that the world of America is going to the dogs, shed tears on paper and say they do not know what to do about it.

Now, in this matter of open-air life and city life which the rough statistics represent to the grumblers, it is to be recollected always that "you can prove anything by statistics except the truth."

In this case, if you winnow out the real truth from the figures, you find that while about seven million people live in the three largest "cities," another seven million live in the "cities" which have less than a hundred thousand people. And we find that these "cities" are so large that very likely you can find huckleberries outside your window. One of our Massachusetts cities reports thirty-seven thousand acres for four thousand families. Really, if I had a garden spot of nine acres for the eight people in my family I should not feel as if we were dying of asphyxiation.

At Hampton they have proved that on a four-acre farm of average land a family can support itself; I mean that, with the infinite help of the good God, they can create the food they need for a year. So that in this "city" of thirty thousand acres every family might support itself on the farm, and the boys could have five acres to play base-ball in.

All this is necessary to say to get the grumblers out of the way.

The truth is that we are still, and shall always be, an open-air people. And in this matter of what the women want, wish, and will have, in their college training, education of open-air life comes in as first of all.

It is no sort of answer to say that there is a botanical professor in the college and that he teaches the girls the difference between a bulb and a root, or between an exogenous tree and an endogenous tree, or between a stamen and a pistil. The American girl and the American women have something to do about it. And what they mean is to do something about it. What they need and what they must have in college, if they go to college, is so much experimental ground that they can see the simple processes of life and duty in the open air. A woman may not have to drive a yoke of oxen, but the better part of American women ought to know the difference between a Jersey cow and a Holstein. It is not enough to take care of her winter garden in the house, though that is not a bad thing, but she ought to know how to advise in practice about the work of the field or the forest and at the very least to learn how she can learn.

I hope my good friends of the women's clubs do not think we give them too much advice, I hope they do not say we had better mind our own business. Their business is our business. They have a great deal to do in lifting up the social order of this nation; they have more to do with it than most of them seem to know.

One of the very pieces of business which they

have in hand is to compel the State Boards of Education and the trustees of colleges to appoint practical teachers in the arts of open-air life. And besides appointing teachers, these boards must equip the colleges for such lines of education.

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

"YES," said Dr. Primrose, "I know very well what I should do with half a million dollars, or with half of it."

Then he paused a little and in substance he said this:

That he should look round for a wide-awake man, anywhere between thirty and forty years old, who knew decently well how to live, how other people liked to live, and how they could help each other in that affair. Then he should tell this man to talk with the real estate men and the steamboat men and electric men and tell them that they might know what was wanted. Then he must go to the best six places which they suggested, and he must buy one of those places, at least six thousand acres of land lying together within twenty miles of the City Hall. Dr. Primrose thought and thinks that even if they have to give a hundred dollars an

acre for this land they can get it. I have thought and think they can get it for less.

Anyway, this thousand acres is the new America which Dr. Primrose and his middleman have discovered. The Doctor would then send out some intelligent young engineer who would lay this out into the village his half million dollars is going to establish. He lays out the thousand acres into two hundred lots of four acres each, and he leaves two hundred acres, be the same more or less, for the streets, parks, and breathing places of the new town. The surveyors, as in Mr. Gilman's edifying book, have already laid out the town as we cut a pie into segments. In the middle you have a round square with the "meeting-house" in the middle of it, and then the roads go out as the knife does when you cut the pie, and the house lots take their shape, more or less, according to these radiating streets.

Anyhow, according as the land directs, up hill, down dale, old orchards, old wood lots or what not, the village gets laid out into two hundred house lots, as I have said. Then the proper architect is secured—some young man who has not too many crotchets, who knows the American people and believes in the people; and he and Dr. Primrose and the middleman put their heads together and they build twenty dif-

ferent sorts of houses on these two hundred lots, having about four acres, observe, to each house. Half of these houses cost six hundred dollars apiece, and half of them cost two thousand dollars apiece. But they can be built cheaply though they are built well, because one contractor takes the whole job and everything is done at wholesale prices.

While this enterprise is going forward lots and lots of people are getting acquainted with the neighborhood. A really good "meeting-house" is being built in the middle of the new town. And everybody understands that this "meeting-house" is for as many services of worship as any one wants on Sunday, and is for lectures on everything from quaternions down to juggling, and concerts from rag-time up to the latest Wagner—it is really a meeting-house.

Meanwhile Dr. Primrose and his friends have been bullying the Cataraugus and Opelousas Railway, which runs within a mile and a half of the place. They have played them off against the Fourier and Owen Railway, which runs two miles on the other side, and they have made them agree to an annual ticket, so that a man can go backwards and forwards into the city, if he be a regular inhabitant of the new town, for ten

cents a day. Then Dr. Primrose says that things are ready to begin. He says that this enterprise will have cost him when he is ready to begin two hundred thousand dollars. He says that on an average he shall sell his houses for fifteen hundred dollars apiece; some of them will be as cheap as a thousand dollars apiece, and some of them will be as dear as three thousand dollars apiece. But when a man pays he will pay with the understanding and agreement that he is to pay one-tenth part of the money every year, so it will happen that some people get their houses for a hundred dollars a year, and some people get their houses for three hundred dollars a year. But at the end of ten years they will own the houses. Dr. Primrose says that if he can get the ear of an Odd Fellows' lodge or a society of temperance, or "The Newly Born Association of the Grandsons of the Followers of Knickbocker," or any other community which has a tie of common interest, he shall make them get together there. If he can make any community or organization get together in his new town, he will do so.

But he does not care, he says, if two hundred families of people are living together and go in the trains together and go out on the trains together, and meet in the same places and same

conferences, he says there will be community enough for him.

He says as for the "meeting-house," he is willing that the Catholics shall occupy it Sunday at nine o'clock, the Methodists at eleven o'clock, and the Salvation Army at one o'clock, the German Reform of the Second Secession at three and the Universalists at five and the Episcopalians at seven, they may do so, every Sunday, rent free. But they have to pay for their own electric lights.

Then Dr. Primrose says that in ten years from the time he began the whole property will be in the hands of these people, that he shall have made five per cent. on his investment, "be the same more or less," and that he shall go to heaven with the consciousness that two hundred families have grown up under God's open sky in God's open air, and that they own their own homes.

WHAT NEXT?

IT is twenty years ago that I heard Dawson, the head of physical science in America, say in a public address that the men of our time were frightened. He said that our scientific men had overcome great difficulties; he

said that they had solved nature's most difficult questions; he said they understood her secrets and could interpret her laws, and then he made an exclamation in somewhat these words: "They have come to the ocean of life, and they are afraid to plunge in! They will say of us, 'These men were afraid to use their own great discoveries. Why were they satisfied with such trifles as steam engines, locomotives, ocean steamships, electric telegraph, the telephone, the microphone and the macrophone? While they were playing with such toys, they refused to use the great resources, which Nature gave them, now that they had solved her mysteries.' "

Such a speech from the man who had the best right to make it, is worth remembering now that the twenty-five last years of the century have gone by. Here is every man of us who lives in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, or in London, one thousand times stronger than his ancestor was in 1802. Do we really mean to sulk off and eat ice cream and drink soda water? Do we mean to satisfy ourselves with playing ping-pong and tennis? No, we do not mean any such tomfoolery. We have four or five great enterprises before us now, and we mean to take them up and carry them on.

For us in America the visible, palpable, prac-

tical, matter-of-course thing is to build our four-track railway from the south end of Hudson's Bay to the south end of South America. We have timidly found out that this is our business, and we have been fiddling about it and fuddling about it and talking about it since Mr. Blaine's Pan-American congress in Washington in the year 1889. The American powers then appointed the proper commissioners to make the report on the North and South railroad which should extend from Canada to Patagonia. This report in many volumes with many maps is now at last finished, and the questions are frankly attacked and wisely considered. Our business now is to take hold and do this thing. This railroad is to be built not by Wall Street, not by watered bonds, not by any kite-flying, balloon making; it is to be built by the great American powers—the United States, Mexico, Brazil, Chile, and the Argentine, and the lesser powers will chip in enough to be able to say in a few centuries that they had their share in it.

As I said, it will be a four-track railway, laid with the heaviest metal, in the best way. It will have the best equipment possible—that is to say, American equipment, provided with the best skill of the engineers. The engineers will be appointed by the different governments, and this

means that very largely they will be chosen from the accomplished staff of men who have bridged the great rivers of the world and have built the great railways of the world.

When this railway is finished Mrs. Welkenbloumite may tell William to drive her from her palace uptown to the station; she may go into her private parlor car with white satin slippers on, and she may ride to the City of Mexico, to the city of Guatemala, to Lima, to Rio Janeiro, or to the city of Buenos Ayres without having left the car.

Or if Annie Moriarty, who has had that nasty little cough ever since she caught cold last September, wants to go to the most perfect tableland in the world, and her father has twenty dollars to send her, he can send her to the uplands of central Mexico. And she will get well and be a happy woman for the rest of her life. Or if our Alabama friends of the white persuasion are really sick of the company of our other friends of the black persuasion, our friends of the black persuasion can pack up their things and settle themselves in the valley of the Amazon, which, according to a distinguished English traveller, is going to be the centre of the civilization of the world before a hundred years more have gone by.

THE NEW JOURNALISM.

WHOEVER looks at Benjamin Franklin's newspaper, or the *Mercurio,* or an early *Sentinel,* sees at once that the old newspaper, as it was called, was as different from the newspaper of to-day as a pterodactyl monster of diluvian ages is different from a belle at Mrs. R——'s party. First, what was called news was always old. Second, the statement was generally wrong. Third, the newspaper had virtually no effect whatever upon the course of public opinion.

The truth is that with the telegram we changed everything. No man can be said now to live in the city of New York or the city of London as Peter Stuyvesant lived in New York or as Daniel DeFoe lived in London. A man of large affairs is perhaps in closer touch with his correspondent in St. Petersburg or Calcutta than he is with his own family uptown. And he is really not simply a citizen of the city in the old sense; he is a citizen of the world.

This change has made necessary a change in the journalism of the world which is certain to show itself more and more visibly, as we are proud to say it already shows itself in the world's leading journals. A New York journal which

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governs itself by the traditions or the customs of 1880 is now simply provincial. The Cranberry Centre *Gazette* may be satisfied with saying that Miss Goodchild gave a doll party in Lovers' Lane. But the business of an American journal is, as our readers well know, to tell from day to day what has happened in the villages or in the cities of every latitude and longitude. It is, indeed, almost as easy for the *American Journal* to give an account of a fire in the business part of San Francisco as to describe such a fire in William Street or Wall Street.

The change in journalism shows itself as well in the cosmopolitan character of the opinions which a great journal expresses. These are no longer confined to the local politics of Cranberry Centre or Little Peddlington, of Ispahan, of Edinburgh, or of London, or of New York. What men have a right to consider now is the public opinion of the world, and the newspaper is to reflect not simply the impression of the two or three people who may be the "we" of the London *Times* as late as 1890. The daily journal of the twentieth century brings into the conversation of breakfast or of dinner the daily opinion of mankind.

At the time when the late Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice died, in consequence of a misfortune greatly

to be regretted, he had proposed to himself the publication of a journal in New York, in San Francisco, and in Chicago, which should be almost alike for every city, so far as news columns and the columns of instruction and education were concerned. But the Chicago issue would contain Chicago advertisements, the New York issue would contain those of New York, and the San Francisco issue would contain those of the Pacific. The news, he said, if properly stated, was the same for all,—a battle at Caracas, a canal across the isthmus, the fortunes of the Philippines; the Chicago merchant wanted to read what the New York merchant wanted to read, and there was a certain satisfaction to each reader to know that he was in the same boat with his brother or his correspondent on the other side of the world.

As for the expression of opinion, Mr. Rice would say the readers had a right to the opinion of the men in whom the country had put confidence. When he made the forecast for his twentieth century daily, his proposal was that the senators of the United States should write the leading articles, or their share of them. In that way, he said, the reader would know that he was near the centre of the executive action, and that he was taken into the confidence of the leaders of the majority.

SPACE WRITING.

THE old-fashioned reader will not know what the words "space writing" mean. If he be a very old-fashioned reader, he will know what the words penny-a-liner mean.

Space writing makes the world more trouble than the world at large knows. The newspaper editors find it a convenience at the moment, but for the real purpose of journalism and for the real interest of the readers of daily newspapers space writing is a great nuisance.

It first appeared in the arrangements of English printing-offices very early after the publication of newspapers. I suppose that even Daniel DeFoe had occasion from time to time to furnish copy which would now be called space writing in the office of one or another London journal. I suppose that that mysterious person, Roger L'Estrange, who is said to have been the first of editors, may have engaged some of the most ignorant and some of the most brilliant men of his time, and permitted them to do space writing for his journal. But this name is quite modern. It belongs to the present generation.

A hundred years ago the hangers-on in the journalistic end of London who furnished the

sort of copy now known as space writing were called penny-a-liners. Eventually, the price paid to them was raised to a penny and a half a line. But the name still continued, and would have been understood among journalists for the first three-quarters of the last century. The penny-a-liner was probably a man who knew nothing on any subject, and cared less. But he was able, or thought he was able, to pick up from day to day something which would at least fill up the end of a column in a newspaper. Or, if he had good luck, he might awaken a momentary spasm in the jaded heart of the average newspaper reader. The penny-a-liner got out of bed in the morning quite ignorant of what he was to write upon that day. And if by good luck, coming through some narrow court or wynd in some of the out-of-the-way streets, he saw a French emigrant escaping from his creditor, or saw a woman lifted out of a window by a fireman who took her down a ladder, the penny-a-liner wrote the incident up as well as he could, and carried it rapidly to the *Morning Chronicle* or the London *Times* or other journal, in the hope that no one else had seen the incident, and yet that he had given it importance enough to interest the editor. If he and the editor had drunk beer together in the same tap-room, this gave

him a sort of claim. If the editor was lazy that day or he wanted to take his nearest friends to see the lions, and therefore wanted to fill up his empty columns as well as he could, that was good luck. The editor took the penny-a-liner's copy. As matter of conscience, he scratched out half of it. The cashier in the counting-room next took it, counting the number of lines which had been spared. And the poor creature was paid a penny originally, and afterward six farthings for each line that passed criticism.

Sometimes no woman was saved from a window, sometimes no French emigrant escaped from his landlord, the heavens were blue above, the Thames rose to the right point at high tide, and then the penny-a-liner, if he were to have any dinner, had to fall back upon his own resources. These were very limited. Old newspaper men will recollect one or two of the skeletons which, from time to time, had fresh skins put upon them, that they might parade. One of the jokes of newspaper offices, when I was a boy, was the reappearance every two years of the following paragraph:

"It is not generally known why pawnbrokers have for their signs three golden balls. The reader will be interested when he learns that these balls originally represented pills, that the

three gold pills were the cognizance of the house of Medici, whose connection with pills is indicated by their celebrated name. The business of pawnbrokers was invented in the palmy days of Florentine commerce, and with the armorial bearings of the Medici it has gone over the civilized world. Many a poor fellow, therefore, receives a shilling for his watch or for his pencil-case, who never heard of the great Lorenzo or any other Medici of his time."

According as the office editor was old or young, this paragraph or something like it, longer or shorter, would slip into the journals about once in two years. It is not yet dead. I have seen it since 1890 in one or other of our Boston journals. Another of the penny-a-liner's stock in trade was the question who was the author of "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Yet another was the authorship of Braham's song, "Though Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear."

Now, unlearned readers do not know what people connected with the press do know: that, under a requisition of the printing art, there must be precisely so many square inches on each page of each journal. You cannot use more square inches on the day when London has been burned down. You cannot use less on a day when Lon-

don has not been burned down. You must pretend every day that that day is as important as the day before.

As journalism improved in London, which always struck the keynote for newspapers in the English language, the race of the old penny-a-liners died out. In this country, in those earlier days, he never got any foothold. And, as journalism came to its best in America, such people would hardly have been tolerated in a well-conducted office. The theory of a great journal forty years ago was that it had a competent editor who could judge of what was important in the world and what was not important. This editor had a circle of friends who had his confidence and the confidence of the public, to whom on each occasion he could refer a subject of which he was not himself informed. If an eclipse were to take place on a given morning, the first astronomer in that region furnished for that journal the information, curious or essential, which it was desirable that the readers of the journal should read. If a new bill were introduced in the legislature, some person who understood that subject was invited to furnish for the readers of that journal what was necessary for their opinions. The newspaper was considered successful or not according as its staff was select-

ed of well-informed persons or no. The writer naturally and properly took the plural number in which to speak—"We suppose this or that"—instead of volunteering a mere personal opinion.

I am not sure whether I am right; but I suppose that the revolution of this business in America began with the elder Bennett, the inventor and publisher of the New York *Herald.* A gentleman who met Bennett on the piazza of Congress Hall, the famous hotel at Saratoga, half a century ago, said to him, "What is the secret of a great newspaper, Mr. Bennett?" To which Bennett replied with an oath or two, "To make a great row about something every day." Whether Bennett originated this custom or not, it is the custom of to-day. We do not expect any perspective in our journals. The editor does not seek any. The instructions for him are that that given number of the journal in his reader's hands shall affect to be the most important in history. If one crazy woman is suspected of having put poison in the teacup of another crazy woman, these two crazy women must be represented that day as being the most important persons in the world. Readers at a distance must suppose that the particular street in the particular suburb where these two crazy women reside is the most important place in the world. You

must not bother your head about improvement in science, about advance in discovery unless it is news—unless it is news of that character which stimulates jaded readers.

The old line who read their newspapers every morning, they can be trusted. But what that given newspaper on that given day has to do is to keep up the circulation of the day before, and, if possible, to enlarge it. The old penny-a-liner, therefore, has been born again. The class of men, and, one is sorry to say, of women, who wake up in the morning ignorant and careless of all subjects, but who have their living to make before night, has been created in the larger cities. The old stager recognizes their work, Once in two years he sees the three balls come round again. Once in twenty years he is called upon to inquire about "Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear." The general office editor is comparatively a young man. He comes to know people who write a good hand and who do not write a good hand; he comes to know people who understand the average taste of the community; he comes to know what sort of writers get him into scrapes and what sort of writers do not. And thus gradually it happens that about the fifth part of the "matter," happily so called, in the leading journals, is made up of work of the

"space writer." He starts on the morning as the old penny-a-liner did. If there is a good snow-storm, and two cars are blocked, in one of which he is, possibly, that incident can be written up into something as important as the battle of Waterloo. If he is really a master of his craft, it is. For this, however, it is best if he has never heard of the battle of Waterloo.

In fact, the moment the space writer knows anything on any subject, he is, from the nature of the case, so far unfitted for the profession which he has chosen. For his business is not with yesterday: it is with to-day. He really wants to say that the speech that he has heard is the most remarkable speech which was ever delivered. He does not want to know anything about Demosthenes or Cicero or Lord Chatham or Mr. Sumner. So far as his work is concerned, it is better that he should not. Unfortunately, it happens that the counting-rooms, which conduct the leading journals, have taken the impression that their journals must talk about everything. There is a class of special journals, of which the great daily newspaper knows nothing, and which it is very desirous not to imitate, such as the *Banker's Journal,* devoted to the specialty of banking; such as the *Wheelwright's Journal,* devoted to the specialty of wheels; such as the

liquor men's journal or the coal men's journal. But the theory of the first-class daily is that it must deal with everything that is "newsy." This, of course, involves the necessity of employing a very large number of space writers. The number is so large that it is really impossible to pay them more than the money which will keep them alive from one week to another.

The necessity of the space writer is to know nothing on any subject, and it happens, unfortunately, that the necessity of the counting-room is the same. If Mr. Kipling or Mr. Haggard or Mr. Davis undertook the profession of the space writer, he would very soon find that he knew too much for his business. The night editor does not want to have discussions about the style of Addison or Steele, he does not care whether Julius Cæsar were a friend of the people or a friend of the aristocracy. For the space writer as for the night editor, and for the supposed public which buys the journal, it would have been better had no such persons ever existed as Julius Cæsar and Mr. Steele and Mr. Addison.

It is perhaps not necessary to say all this in this column; but this column will reach the eye of a good many humble people who at the end of a week are stunned, I do not say annoyed, but troubled, because they find they have read

the newspaper for a week and that at the end of that time, while they are quite well informed on a great many important topics, they are not quite so wise as they were when the week began. In a weekly journal we can say what I could not say if I were writing as a space writer on a daily journal, that the correction of follies, faults, and failures of the space writer is to be found in the weekly newspaper. The weekly newspaper has no excuse whatever for employing him. He must go with his ephemeral "matter" to the office of some journal which wishes to be ephemeral itself. "The newspaper is not history." That is a very fine remark, because singularly true,—a remark by which one of the great editors of to-day described the daily journal of to-day.

The real remedy will come when some truly great journalist corrects the absurd mistake which leads every daily newspaper to undertake everything. This great journalist will understand that a staff of only twenty intelligent and accomplished writers is better than a floating staff of a hundred boys and girls who are not intelligent and are not accomplished.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

THE Washington people have invented what may be called a motto for their city.

They say when a man moves into Washington with his family, and buys or builds a handsome house on one of the A, B, C streets or one of the avenues, the Washington question is, "What can he do?"

This is their cap to the old joke which pretends that in Boston we ask of a visitor, "What does he know?" or in New York we ask, "What is he worth?" In Philadelphia we ask, "Who was his grandfather?" and in many cities, alas, "Where is he going?"

Washington deserves the credit of its own joke, which gives quite a good idea of the city and its life. "Who is that man?" "Oh, he is So-and-so, who makes anvils when he is at home. Your horse was shod with a shoe that was made on one of So-and-so's anvils."

"Who is that?" "Oh, he is the man who ordered his men to breakfast, and when they had had their mocha and shredded wheat he told them to sink a Spanish fleet, and they sank it."

"Who is that?" "Oh, he is the fiftieth parallel man; you know they opened up the Monongahela."

"Well, that man, there, crossing the street?"

"Oh, he corrected the longitude of the world. There is not a civilized nation but had to correct its charts by his longitude."

"Who is that man getting into his cab?"

"Oh, he is one of two or three American members of the French Institute. He will go there some day on his wings."

People speak as if Washington were a nest of wire-pullers, trying to get themselves into consulships at Caracas or Sierra Leone. Of course there are such people; but then, there are a few flies in the summer dining parlor at Sherry's!

There is another queer superstition about Washington. It is that members of Congress have a very soft time and are lazy loafers.

The truth is that almost all of them are among the hardest worked men in the world. Just think of it. A member of Congress has on his conscience, and more or less on his mind, the affairs of a nation extending from ocean to ocean. He must be in his place at committees, or in the House or Senate, and vote as he thinks right at the right moment. This means that he must somehow make up his mind on this, that, and another bill. Three thousand, one hundred and two House Bill was the last that happened to be sent to me for my opinion.

Besides all this, the poor fellow has to attend to the letters and the wishes of nearly three hundred thousand people who are in his district. I do not know that I ever saw my member of Congress. I do know that I have voted against him when I have had a chance. All the same, when I need a document which has been printed for my information and use, if I need it, I write to this gentleman, and he or one of his clerks answers my letter.

Now, the people are not fools. Say what the grumbler pleases, the people do not send three hundred imbecile rascals as their representatives in the greatest council in the world. The men who are sent to Congress are inevitably men of great ability in one line or another. More than this, they are men who have been trained to business and have the promptness and energy of that training.

The English House of Commons has one member for every sixty-one thousand inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland. The American House of Representatives has about one member for every one hundred and seventy-three thousand people. It is fair to say that the responsibilities of each member of the House of Representatives is three times as great as that of each member of the House of Commons.

In fifty years I have never seen any American Congress which for ability, for the power of putting things through and of putting a great many things through, was not far in advance of any House of Commons for the same time.

Here are some of the reasons why Washington is so attractive a place, whether in the session of Congress or out of it. "Man is the nobler growth our realms supply." And it is a very good thing to go somewhere where you can see first-rate men.

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

WARREN BURTON, who was the author of "The District School as It Was," was at one time the chaplain of the Worcester House of Correction.

He came one day to the meeting of the Worcester County Association of Ministers, and called to the attention of all the gentlemen present a duty of the first importance. It represented fifteen or more different parishes of Worcester County. He wanted us to promise that the next Monday every man of us should take his horse and wagon and go on a visitation to the outlying corners of the township, to the huts or houses

three or four miles from the "centre," which meant from the meeting-house. He said that crime, as the law got hold of it and as the prison received the criminal, was more often bred in places which got the name of "Hell Corner" or the "Devil's Home" than it was in the villages. He reminded us of the outcasts, like so many Samaritans described in Judd's novel of "Margaret," then fresh in people's attention. And he said that we were all in danger of letting this class of people and their children and their children's children drift off into a lawless and godless set of pariahs who would furnish the criminal classes—what Charles Booth has since called the Class A of his social order.

The truth was that in those years of the fifties we were beginning to learn in Massachusetts what was the first-fruit of the much over-praised amendment of 1833, which made the support of the ministry of the State absolutely voluntary. Till that time every taxpayer in the State—and this meant every man or woman more than eighteen years old—paid his share of the annual salary of the minister of the town. He had a right —which even a Philistine could measure—to the time, the service and care of one or another of the ministers of the town. They knew this, and he knew it. And any one of the old diaries of

those earlier days which records the doings of one of the old ministers will show that they spent more time in their rounds in "Hell Corner" and in the "Devil's Den" than they did in the convenient neighborly calls on Hon. George Champernoon or the Widow Mary Wortley, who lived in the houses round the Common. This duty of the minister—imposed by statute and by honor—had ceased to be such a duty when Burton was chaplain; and he began to see the consequences.

It would be very hard to say to-day that the first duty of a minister in an active town is to go out four miles from his church and see to the moral or intellectual or physical need of a family of Swedes or Bulgarians or other Arabs which has taken up an abandoned form in the "gore" between one township and another. Life has too many central duties—near the post-office and the factory—for us to throw the oversight of such people upon the minister of the first church or the second church or the new church. All the same, the Swede or the Bulgarian or the Hill Cornerite of any other nationality is a son of God or a daughter of God. All the same, they are brothers and sisters of the rest of us, and we assert this every time when we affect to be Christian men and women. And one asks with a certain

curiosity, What is the best way "to get at them," and to open up to them a measure of the light and life of the new century equal to that which is enjoyed where people live in apartment houses or tenement houses or other man-made prisons in crowded towns? And it is observable by all people not wholly blind or deaf that, quite outside Assyrian or Hebrew Scriptures, there is ample evidence that the Lord God began his business in this world, so far as men are concerned in the world, by planting a garden.

Thus simply did early literature express the central truth that the Hell Cornerite, in his squatter's farm of five acres—be the same more or less—has certain spiritual advantages which Madame Champernoon, in the felicities of a flat heated by steam and defiled by soot, cannot share. And we ask ourselves, with a certain curiosity, what must become of a boy or girl growing up in the midst of the homes of bluebirds and orioles and chickadees, who know the voice of a brook or the private life of a squirrel? Is there any such curse on modern civilization that this boy or girl is compelled to live in ignorance of music, art, and literature, and even religion?

It is true that pagan languages and pagan people speak as if such joys belong to cities or politeness. But that is only the language of pagans,

of people who live in towns. Surveying our own country, from Tiajuana across to Fort Fair field, it would seem as if some of the frontiersmen, with an occasional visit from a Methodist missionary or a library agent of the Sunday-School Union, have a better chance than the New Englander in some corner Sodom or Gomorrah of the Old Bay State. And I have never been more encouraged than when an accomplished scholar told me the other day that for himself he did not mean to "settle," as the unhappy phrase puts it, in any crowded parish. For his parish he had chosen half a State, and for his pulpit he should take a wagon with a horse who was not afraid of up hill and down dale. He thought that, if he stopped over night in some household where there were half a dozen children, or if he held a meeting some Thursday afternoon in an old schoolhouse which the town had abandoned, he might get into such touch with the people of Sodom or Hell Corner as we gentlemen who are studying about the Carpocratian Heresy in the fifth story of the Arbella Hotel might never meet.

When some Brainerd shall fit out such a wagon, and harness the horse which belongs to it, and find his way from one "gore" to another, speaking in every language to the Parthians and

Mesopotamians who have made their homes there, we shall hear gradually less and less of the infamies of the hill towns or of the crimes of Hell Corner. Such missions are, perhaps, not for large missionary societies; but they are missions which godly men and godly women could undertake in a summer vacation. Indeed, they need no other commission for such enterprises but that which the Saviour gave them in His last interview with His disciples.

CHARITY CORPORATIONS.

THE State Board of Charities of Massachusetts has just printed a very curious pamphlet, which contains the reports of four hundred and twenty-one charitable societies which owe their corporate existence to the State.

The fact that these are charitable societies enables them to live along without paying taxes on the personal property which they use in their affairs. And yet, with the happy-go-lucky indifference to statistics which is deeply ingrained in what are called the Anglo-Saxon races, it is only lately that these societies have been told to send any reports to the government to which they owe their life. Philanthropists have a bad reputation, which they do not deserve, of being unbusiness-

like. There is just foundation enough for error here in the fact that there are some moony secretaries, and a few moony treasurers. Twenty-two of four hundred and forty-three corporations made no report last year after the new statute had told them they must. But three hundred and sixty-five have made reports now which are fairly accurate and complete.

I am afraid that most people here will be surprised when they know that in the State of Massachusetts, with a population of 2,805,346, in the year 1900, at the end of the year 1901, 325,496 people were "beneficiaries" of 291 corporations. But this surprise should be mitigated by the intimation that many of these beneficiaries are counted a great many times in this total. For instance, an out-of-door hospital patient or a "dispensary" patient would be counted every time he applied for relief, and the total is swelled just so far as he makes frequent applications. In some cases the beneficiaries do not reside in the State, but these must be an insignificant number compared with those who do. The reader will observe that there are one hundred and fifty-two more charitable corporations which do not give any report of the number of beneficiaries. Now, the whole population is a little more than three millions. My own theory in life is that every

one of us is a beneficiary of everybody else. If this is so, the particular figure of 325,496 is rather a matter of curiosity. But it is interesting as showing how wide is the range in which philanthropy is admitted to do its duty in Massachusetts.

One of our thoroughly sensible and thoroughly liberal Boston merchants made a will, some twenty years ago, in which he left a very large sum of money to be distributed in charities by his executors. He affixed two conditions to the gifts to charitable societies. 1. The executors were to give nothing to societies whose officers earned their living by carrying on its enterprises. 2. No money was to be given to societies which made more paupers than they relieved. There was something which seemed a little cynical in the latter provision, but it is not unnecessary. Dr. Chalmers is on record as having said that, when you have a philanthropic association well at work, the best thing you can do is to destroy it and begin all over again. And one sometimes groans in spirit when he finds that a set of jots and tittles have been crowded in upon the original purpose of a charitable foundation, showing that there are excellent formal reasons why it should not do the thing that it was meant to do; as when the society for providing wooden legs

can pay no money for a cork leg or *vice versa.* Because such provisions as these seem necessary sometimes, one examines such a report as the State has now published with a good deal of interest.*

It seems to me that this report is, on the whole, satisfactory. That is to say, it shows a very large amount of genuine and generous public work which thousands and thousands of quiet people are carrying forward from no motive at all but that of helping those who are in need. Take, for instance, such a report as this: "Immigrants' Home. To protect young and friendless girls arriving on the Cunard and Dominion Lines." Here are eight hundred girls cared for by the kindness and thought of a few public-spirited women, no one of whom is paid a cent, who saw the necessity of some organized care which could not be attended to by any individual effort.

The charge is sometimes made with regard to a particular locality that it is "over-charitied." I have myself known occasions where this charge was true, but the danger is much more apt to be the other way. "As it seems to me," the real danger comes from red tape. The worship of

*The American Bible Society thinks itself "bound" *not* to print the best English version of the Bible!

statistics, the desire to have So-and-so appear well on the annual report, brings in the greatest temptation. You establish a home for old women. You establish it because old women are apt to be a little fussy, and there are especial difficulties in the care of them. Then, after five years, you go to your Home to inquire if there is a place for Mrs. A. or Mrs. B., to find that the rules of the society are such that, unless Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. are agreeable people, whose society will be pleasant to the manager and inmates of the Home, they cannot be received. You turn away, and you say that that town is over-charitied; but it is not over-charitied. All that has happened is that a little bit of red tape has worked into the machinery, and the results are not all that could have been expected.

The State Board of Charities has assumed a very important duty, which ought to have been attended to long before, in collecting these reports. For a beginning the work has been very well done, and the public is very much indebted to somebody who did it. The Board of Charities will be entirely supported if it will carry the enterprise further by investigating properly any one of these private organizations with regard to which any complaint is made, in proper form. The organizations are all creatures of the State,

and, in general, their officers remember that they are. Every charitable organization which has a right to existence ought to admit of the widest publicity in its affairs, showing that the rights of individuals are not sacrificed. The publication of this report takes away the last objection which can be made to the exemption of the personal property of such institutions from taxation.

People should be encouraged in rendering service to the State. For there is no danger that people will be too unselfish. If a man wants to put up a statue, let him put it up, and do not tax the statue when it is up. If people want to worship God in some new fashion, let them worship Him. Do not be particular in inquiring whether they worship three persons in one God or whether they worship one person in one God. But this does not mean that people may save a piece of property for twenty or thirty years, and nurse it along without paying any taxes for it, under the pretence that they are maintaining religious institutions there, and then sell this real estate as a matter of speculation. If the State exempts them from pecuniary taxation, it does so under the supposition that they are rendering a difficult service or a larger service to the State in some other way. The same rule is to be applied to every charitable organization.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

MORE than a generation of men has passed since the thoughtful attention of people in this country was turned to the necessity of using the public school system for the training of the hands of boys and girls, as well as the training of their brains.

In Boston, where these words are printed, some successful effort was made more than half a century ago to introduce sewing in the regular curriculum of the girls' schools. The professional schoolmasters disliked it, and did their best to discountenance the plan. But it was too sensible to be thrown overboard, and in the Boston "grammar schools" there is now quite an efficient system for teaching girls to sew. A half-hearted and partial system was introduced, after some years, by which such boys as chose could learn to use the hand-saw or the hammer. But the seventy head-masters in general frowned upon this; the schoolhouses were not built for any such system, and in practice it now amounts to very little. The best result of any effort in Boston for what is called industrial education may be seen in what is called the Public School for

the Mechanic Arts, an institution admirably equipped and well maintained.

The credit for the earliest work in establishing such institutions in Boston is to be given in the first instance to Samuel P. Ruggles, the inventor of the Ruggles printing press; to Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, and to Rev. George L. Chaney. It is, indeed, interesting and pathetic to recollect that Mr. Ruggles offered to give the city a machine shop equipped with everything necessary for a school of machinists, and that the aldermen of that day declined the offer!

In Chicago, an admirable movement, well endowed and well maintained by the great Commercial Club of Chicago, taught us all a very valuable lesson. A large and well-appointed school was established for boys and young men, in which half the school time was given to training the hand to the study of drawing, and to the use of tools. It was thought, and it proves, that the habit of observation thus developed is an important help on the literary side. I may say that for education itself, which is so much more than instruction, the accuracy required in all good handiwork helps in the training for perfection of man's moral nature. So, as far as I know, there is no better illustration of this happy combination of literary education with what is

called industrial education than can be seen in the great schools of the Hampton Institute. I have seen many successful enterprises of the same sort in the middle and western States, notably the industrial school at Lafayette, Indiana, and the machine shops of Cornell University.

The late Mr. Auchmuty, a philanthropist in the city of New York, established the largest and most comprehensive institution for the training of workmen which we have seen in America. I think there is nothing like it in Europe. It is, I believe, open only in the evening. It has been maintained since the death of the founder by the interest of a fund which he left for the purpose. The several classes are intended chiefly for young men who are engaged in other pursuits in the day time, and come to learn their trades in the evening.

There are classes in carpentry, in plumbing, in bricklaying, in plastering and stucco-work, in painting, in carving. The pupils pay for their instruction, and the fund is charged with only what may be called the general expenses of the institution.

All such enterprises, in which the unskilled laborer is promoted into a skilled workman, may be classified as belonging to the American system of manual instruction.

There is no lack of industrial schools on the continent of Europe. But I have met with hardly any report—I do not remember any—of efforts to teach pupils how to use their hands, excepting in "institutions," so called, of punishment or of charity. The industrial school of the continent of Europe is rather a school for the education of managers or foremen for the industries. It is taken for granted that what is left of the apprentice system, or some substitute for it, in the workshops will give to the artisan who has to use his hands all the training which he will require until he can train himself.

Simply these industrial schools are intended to train the middle men in manufacturing and engineering—the men who are to direct the workmen, so called, or the laborers. It is not popular education in any fair sense. It is the education of squires, who may be knights or noblemen. It is in no sense the education of the people.

There is unfortunately a tendency among those who teach, not unnatural, indeed, to adopt such feudal systems, which are, indeed, European systems, in American institutions for technical education. I might say this, indeed, of all institutions for higher training. That wise leader in

education, Dr. James Walker, said to me forty years ago that the most difficult thing in the management of a college was to persuade, or in any way compel, the professors of most experience or wisdom to take the charge of freshmen. He said that the usual complaint was well founded, which says that the freshmen, the newcomers, are generally assigned to tutors who are themselves inexperienced in their business. I think most college professors would tell me that the occupation most disliked is the reading, criticizing and correcting of themes or compositions in whatever form. It is undoubtedly more agreeable to conduct classes of young people who know something, and have been already dragged through the elementary stages—by somebody.

Here are two causes, each of them carrying a good deal of force, which tend to the injury of the technical schools of this country. Our large business here is with the training of the sovereign, that is, of the people. We can trust the "foreman," "manager," and other directors to train themselves to the business of managing, if only they know themselves how to do what they will have to order done by their subordinates. If we have a nation of well-trained artisans there is no danger but we shall have enough of them fit to lead the others when the time

comes. The late Mr. Roberts, the admirable president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was fond of saying that the first step in his "promotion" was taken the day when he was in the boiler of a locomotive, pounding skilfully on a refractory rivet. He could not have done this but that he had been trained in the admirable school for apprentices of the road, where young men are taken through all the several duties of the several shops.

On the other hand, I have, not long since, addressed an agricultural and mechanical school at work under the National Land Grant, where only two young men were to spend the summer in farm work; and both of these were Japanese students. I doubt whether there is a hammer or a screw-driver left of the apparatus for the mechanic arts which was once in use by the Technological Institute in Boston.

The directors of some of the trade unions pursue a false policy, which if adopted more generally would prove disastrous. They discourage trade schools, with the short-sighted wish of keeping their profession conveniently small. Most of them have been trained in Europe, and by some short-sighted impolicy by which they would be very glad to slam the door in the face of those who follow them, they are tempted to

shut out boys who want training in the arts which these directors themselves possess.

All which is an effort in face of the American purpose, a purpose which has carried with it success indescribable. That purpose requires the best and most practical education for everybody everywhere.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has been called the Alva of the nineteenth century. This means that he will always be held responsible for the cruelties of the English administration of South Africa, as Alva is held responsible in history for the cruelties which the Spanish kings inflicted on the Dutch ancestors of the Burghers.

Mr. Chamberlain is now going to South Africa, it is said on an errand of love. It is to be hoped that he may present himself in history as a converted Alva.

This thing ought to be said for him, that he has held loyally to the proposal for taking care of old men and old women who are in need. He proposes methods more decent, not to say more Christian, than the Poor Laws of England as now administered provide.

When you speak to anybody of "Old Age Pension," if he knows anything about it, he goes back to Joseph Chamberlain's loyal adhesion to this cause for many years past. But when Americans, who are used to taking short cuts across pastures, examine the English plans, they seem terribly intricate.

Indeed, you are apt to lay the thing down and say this may do for a tight little island where you can throw an apple from one end of it to the other, but it will never do for us.

That is true enough, but, all the same, we are a humane people, we are a people respectful to the aged, and we must work out our own system of taking care of them.

Mr. Demarest Lloyd, to whom we owe so much, has put on paper for us the arrangements of New Zealand in this affair. They are much better than the English arrangements, they are much better than our arrangements, so they are much better than Mr. Chamberlain's plans propose. But the New Zealand arrangements are not American arrangements.

Indeed, it is quite probable that each of the forty-five States of America will make its own plans. That is one of the merits of our system, that we do not have to receive cut-and-dried stereotyped plans from any central headquarters.

The trouble with Mr. Chamberlain's plans is that they involve that distinction which all feudal nations enjoy so much between the highest class and lowest class, and the upper middle class and the lower middle class, and the middle lower class and the lower higher class, and the higher lower class and the middle middle class.

This sort of distinction makes an American very sick when he reads about it, and no wonder. In any arrangements which we make here, it must be understood that we belong to one class, and that a very high class.

It is the class of the living children of the living God. We observe that this living God takes care of the upper middle class in just the same way in which He takes care of the lower middle class, and we do not propose to discriminate any more than He does.

To any one to whom He gives water and sunlight and His Holy Spirit, we propose to give an old-age pension.

It is not long since I was making a speech before a set of life-insurance men. That means a very intelligent sort of people. I told them, to their surprise I think, that every man in Massachusetts who had lived in Massachusetts since he was eighteen years of age, and who had lived to the age of seventy, had earned his old-age pension.

When they took out their pencils and made the calculations on their shirt cuffs, they found out that this was true. For we tax every man in Massachusetts with a poll tax of $2 a year.

We begin when he is eighteen. By the time he is seventy he has paid fifty-two times multiplied by two dollars into the treasury of the State of Massachusetts, that is, $104.

If anybody who is fond of calculation will work up the compound interest on these fifty-two payments, he will find to this man's credit there is a great deal more than $104.

Anybody who studies the laws of mortality will find out that of one hundred men who began to pay their poll tax in the year 1850 only about fifteen men are alive in 1902.

Those who are alive may have credited to them, for their life-insurance money, all the taxes which have been paid by the other.

Once more, Massachusetts people have a sort of passion for moving away, and when they are seventy, if they are in this world, they turn up in Hawaii, or in Tokio, or in the diamond diggings of South Africa, or at Auckland in New Zealand.

Massachusetts does not propose to pay their old-age pensions there, and all that they have paid into her State treasury, with all its accumu-

lations at compound interest, can be credited to the fund of the old gentlemen who are still here.

My life-insurance friends began to listen to me when I got as far as this. And when they went home they took these truths in their pipes for smoking, and so they found out that this was no almsgiving which we propose when we talk of old-age settlements.

It is simply returning to men what each requires for befriending the Commonwealth in the days when Massachusetts was not as strong as it is now.

They did not know it, perhaps, but they were paying money to a larger insurance company than any which has been separately incorporated, and the name of that company is the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

THE BOSTON FORUM.

I HAD the pleasure of making the first address before the Forum, as Mr. George Litchfield calls the Sunday afternoon assembly which is to consider from the people's point of view the conditions of social order, not so much historically as prophetically. That is to say, the Forum seems to exist for the purpose of seeing how Boston can be made a better

Boston, and Massachusetts a better Massachusetts. Mr. Benjamin F. Mills directed a similar meeting at the Parker Memorial in the year when he was with us here in Boston. The new Forum is to hold its meetings in Morgan Chapel, and Morgan Chapel could not be better introduced into the public of its neighborhood than by thus lending itself to the public spirit of those who are interested in social improvement. What the Forum hopes for and offers is an opportunity for men and women to speak who take a real interest in the improvement of our social life, and who can discuss together the methods for its improvement.

We had a very interesting assembly at the opening meeting of people who are in earnest in the various proposals for the improvement of life, as the new century looks forward. I had been asked to make the opening address; and I selected the subject, intricate and difficult at the best, of "Municipal Ownership." I prepared myself as well as I could to speak, and had the careful and thoughtful attention of an intelligent audience.

I am not writing with the least feeling of complaint. But it was interesting to me to observe that in the speeches which followed mine, all of them by persons who spoke extremely well,

hardly any allusion, if any, was made to the subject assigned for the meeting of the day. We had a charming poem on the life work of the Saviour. We had a very interesting temperance appeal, and we had a good statement of the position of women in the matter of universal suffrage. We had a petition for the relaxation of the tariff on coal. But the one subject of the time, which was scarcely alluded to by any one but myself, was the subject assigned for the meeting. This omission was not unnatural in the first meeting, particularly in a meeting or assembly which is all but pledged not to give itself over to the cut-and-dried methods of political causes. I only allude to this circumstance because it illustrates the difficulty of all such attempts.

I have lived to see a dozen such attempts in Boston which have failed, and I am very desirous that the Forum shall not fail in the same way. If a railroad company should call its stockholders together to consider whether they would or would not build a branch railroad, and they should give the whole time to the consideration of new patents for engines and new fuel, and the discussion of the change of the old road-bed, whether in stockholders' meetings or directors' meetings, why, that railroad company would go

to the dogs, and that very soon. There is not a legislative meeting in the country which does not hold their speakers very strictly on any occasion to the subject which is before the house.

If anybody cares anything about history, the failure of the French Revolution at its very opening was due to the fact that the States General and the National Assembly declined to govern themselves by such rules. Everybody who wanted to speak spoke; and he spoke about anything that interested him. The consequence was that the National Assembly went to its own place, and one looks back upon its history with little more than regret.

Now, if the Forum will highly determine, at an early meeting, that at successive meetings it will stick to the text of each, it will elevate itself above the plane of many such organizations as have gone before it, and have gone where the French National Assembly went.

There are plenty of subjects where the people interested can bring forward very curious information, and where great objects will really be set forward by careful discussion. It will be an excellent thing, for instance, if a dozen fathers and mothers of children now in the public schools would tell us how far the children profit by what they are taught, and where the failures

are, as they appear to parents. We hear a good deal said about the absence of moral instruction or moral education in the schools. I have never seen anywhere any statement by ten persons as to how much their children gained or how much they lost, from the effect, moral or immoral, of the public schools. Is an intermingling of all classes injurious or not injurious? Is it possible or not to introduce on Saturday afternoons the religious teachers of the several churches for the religious instruction of the pupils in those schools? That was the system in the State of New York for many years. It has been a good deal discussed by people who had no children. What was really thought of it, or what is thought of it now by people who have children?

Perhaps I may venture on another piece of advice. The Forum will find that just in proportion as it has people speak who know what they are talking about, just in that proportion will its meetings meet the popular need. I said one day to a person high in rank in the public eye that I observed with interest such and such a statement on a very important matter of social economy. It had been made by my friend in a large public assembly. I asked what was the authority for this valuable statement, and she

said in reply, "Oh, did I not see it in a newspaper somewhere?" Now it is that sort of talk which brings public meetings into the contempt with which they are held even in republican communities. It has come round to this: that the public thinks that men, and, still more, women, say things from the platform which they would not say if they were testifying in court. The impression has gained ground that talking to Buncombe is one thing and talking as a person with responsibilities of government upon him is another. If at the present moment one could get the real statement of fact which twenty-five thoughtful leaders of Boston could give us as to what is called Sunday closing in Boston, that statement would be of the very first value. But it is a statement which must be made by persons personally acquainted with the results of the present legislation, and persons who know what is and what is not the custom of the police, by persons who know what appears at the municipal courts on Monday mornings. And one has to confess rather sadly that, if a public meeting were called at Faneuil Hall to consider such a proposal as that just now made in the city of New York, we should have very few facts brought to us. We should have the theories brought to us of bad people and good people.

But we should leave the meeting with little more information than we had when it began.

Our friends of the *Daily Argus* and the *Daily Thunderer* will say at this point that a vigilant press with its thousand eyes, which see everything, gives all the necessary information on such subjects. Like every other practical reader, I have to observe with regret that this is exactly what the Argus-eyed press does not choose to do.

On the other hand, my newspaper to-day quotes with approbation Jules Verne's witty statement, that the historical novel will die out in the next half century because the daily press will have taken its place so completely. The editor does not see the humor of the expression, nor its bitter satire. The statement of a leading New York journalist corroborates exactly Mr. Jules Verne's *bon mot*. "Newspapers," said he, "are not meant for history."

THE LARGER WORLD.

WHEN poor Judge Sewall hanged the witches, and when Governor Phipps slapped the sea-captain in the face, Massachusetts was a cluster of little towns hugging the shore of an ocean which even seamen did not like to cross in winter.

As the frosts cut down the corn, and the ground began to freeze, the people of these hamlets had less and less to think about and to talk about. We must not blame them too much if they looked in when they should have looked out; no, nor if they went crazy in consequence of their counting their own heart-throbs, inquiring about their own sins, or studying the action of their own machinery.

A careful and wise observer of New England life, in the first half of the last century, used to say that the missionary movement which began with Judson's enthusiasm should be gratefully remembered by us here, not simply for the good it did in India, but by its enlargement of our life at home. It was a good thing to have a map of India or of Asia Minor hang up in the back part of the pulpit. It was a good thing then, and it is a good thing now, to have people's eyes and ears and hearts and hands occupied by something larger than their own working machinery. The historian of the century cannot fail to see that, side by side with such interest in other lands thus exited, there came in the healthy gospel of self-forgetfulness. Boy or girl learned what the Saviour meant when He rebuked the selfishness of those who were satisfied in trying to save their own lives. It would not be dangerous to say

that the A. B. C. F. M. has done more in this way to uplift the religion of America than its must successful apostles have done to uplift the followers of Buddha.

Who reads thoughtfully the sad story of the victims of the witchcraft madness does not wonder that a few hundred people went mad. The wonder is rather that they did not all go mad. The fishing fleet came in from the Banks, and the boats were dismantled. No winter fishing then. Heavy snowstorms banked up the highways, and communication was cut off, perhaps, even between village and village. An "arrival" from Ipswich brought Salem several days later news from that hamlet, as an "arrival" in Boston used to bring us the news of Europe. When people came together on Sundays, the oracle in the pulpit delivered a melancholy and oppressive message. They all deserved to be damned, were damned, in short. There was but a chance that a few of them might escape on the raft of which he told them. Every man and woman was thus set on the torture of self-examination.

"There is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

Who can wonder if one or another of the

poor creatures came out in the belief that they were sold to the devil, and confessed that they were, even to the preachers who had told them so already?

I like to contrast such introspection, which one would call "damnable" if that word were tolerated in good society, with an experience of my own in travelling in the less settled parts of our country. I met an intelligent stranger, who did not even tell me her name. She had a right to speak to me, because of the public errand which I had in hand. Would I make an appointment with her? which, of course, I was glad to do. I had professional experience enough to guess that she wanted to gain my advice on some matter of self-discipline—advice which it would be my duty, indeed my privilege, to give.

So I withdrew from the group with whom I was, so soon as I might, to accompany her on a walk in which she might open her question to me.

So soon as we were out of the ear-shot of others she proposed her question.

What did I think was the most important result in history of the fall of Constantinople in 1453? This was the question.

I think the story is worth repeating for the illustration it gives of the larger life of to-day.

I have had the curiosity, as I write, to look in the census at the population of the hamlet in which she lived. There were within the range of forty square miles only one thousand and ninety-six persons of all ages and conditions. Yes. But in that forty square miles there were children of God who had learned to share His infinite interests. They had their reading clubs, their library, their frequent meetings in which they asked and answered questions which very likely extended as far as Arcturus, which ran back beyond 1453, and ran forward who shall say how much further? And, because they had such training, no one of those people was inquiring whether Jane Smith should have bought a new bonnet or re-trimmed the old one, nor the other question, whether the inquirer himself rightly understood the book of Revelation or the ninety-ninth Proverb.

Such suggestions as to the larger life have an important place in these new discussions as to the enlargement of our Sunday-school training. The class of boys which is restive when you ask them to follow the track of Saint Paul will take new interest when John reports that the expressman has brought him a bow and arrow from an Indian. The little boy who has been snubbed at school because he could not give the rules for

dividing a vulgar fraction into its components, wakes up into an intelligent fellow-worker with God when you tell him that the box he nailed up last January came out among some Eskimos for whom Dr. Grenfell was caring at Ungava. The larger life of all sorts and conditions of men has a stimulus for him which he did not suspect when he was told that he was the dunce of the school.

THE PAN-AMERICAN RAILWAY.

IN the "Reconstruction of the World," the purpose is that it may be one world instead of four or five worlds; one America instead of two; Europe and Asia helping each other, and refusing to perpetuate the old Trojan feud of Priam against Agamemnon; one Africa, with the Mediterranean as close to the Cape of Good Hope as New York is to San Francisco. These three enterprises must be set forward at once. It is foolish to leave them to private speculations or the mere greed of demand and supply. Europe, for instance, which needs relief on the east for the crowded peasantry, who ought to be freemen, and to find food on the rich wastes of Siberia. But it is absurd to ask the starving German peasant to "chip in"

from his penury to build the railway on which he and his shall be carried to Siberia.

Our part in this business is to create the International Railway, which shall carry all comers and all goers from Hudson's Bay to Patagonia, if they choose to go so far—or, if they choose, from Patagonia to Hudson's Bay.

As long ago as the first Pan-American Congress, the first steps were taken for this great work of nations. The reports of the engineers who have been surveying the routes are now in most instances completed, and we can speak with more confidence of the future.

The railway must be built with four tracks, to give assurance from the beginning that it shall be equal to all requisitions. In many instances it will follow lines now existing, at least at first. But this is no matter of local corporations, to be managed at the whim of local politics or local profit. It is an enterprise for the benefit of mankind; and the nations concerned, as they have watched over the beginning, must hold a complete control in the daily management of the lines.

The object is the easier intercourse between man and man. It involves the better mutual understanding of different races. In the case of the American railway, it reveals to us of the

North that of which we know so little of the life of the South. The beauty and wonder of the scenery of South America, the infinite abundance of the natural resources there, are quite unknown to us now.

The curtain is to rise.

Take the people who are reading these words. A quarter part of those who are of age have travelled in Europe within the last twenty years. But has one-twentieth part of these ever been in South America? There are mountains in the Andes ranges far higher than the Alps. Has one American seen Chimborazo out of twenty who have pictures of the Matterhorn in their apartment? Mrs. Reader could take the train for Mexico next Monday morning, and drive to her hotel there on Saturday, without sullying a white satin slipper; she need not leave her palace car more than two or three times on the way. Yet Mrs. Reader and Miss Spellman and fifty of their friends have within the last five years spent a month each in going to Rome and back, for one of them who has spent February in Mexico.

All this will change when we have our International Railway.

If the past is to be repeated, no one need be

afraid to prophesy. Here is an intelligent and experienced English traveller in South America, who is certain that the basin of the Amazon River is to be the centre of the world's civilization, as the Ægean Sea was the heart of an older civilization, as the Mediterranean was the heart of a later civilization, and as London, Paris and Berlin have been the centres of civilization for a century or two past.*

I am afraid that dear Mrs. Reader and Miss Spellman, perhaps and our old friend Mrs. Wiseman, will say that the English prophet is a fool. Perhaps he is; I do not know. What I do know is that ninety-nine years ago Robert Livingston, when he had bought from Napoleon the better half of North America, wrote back to President Jefferson to say: "I have told them that we shall not send an emigrant across the Mississippi in one hundred years." That is what the wisest American of his time thought of the valley of the Mississippi then, *and* the valley of the Mississippi means a smaller basin than this valley of the Amazon.

What if the English prophet had gone into detail? What if he had said: "Before a century is over there will be a commercial city of three hundred thousand people at the mouth of

*Baker, the friend and companion of Tyndall.

the Amazon. A thousand miles up the river there will be a city of more than half a million people. The tributary rivers water the prairies, where, before a hundred years pass, there shall be twenty cities, each of which shall have more than a hundred thousand people. They shall maintain libraries and museums and universities, such as are not now known in the world at the moment I am writing." This is what Livingston could have said of his valley in 1803,—if he had dared to prophesy the truth.

Well, just now the average American has the use of the powers of unconscious Nature which he has been harnessing in the last century. It is quite within bounds to say that the average American commands one thousand times as much force wooed or won from Nature as he had a century ago. Thus far is a good God ready to help him,—a God whose child he is and of whose nature he partakes.

Who dares to say, with the experience of the nineteenth century, what the twentieth century may not do with the basin of the Amazon?

Will the International Railway perhaps point to some energetic Toussaint, or Douglas, or Washington, the tropical homes of ten or twenty millions of men of the African race, whose ancestors were torn from their own tropical Africa one or two centuries ago?

A WIDER PROGRAMME.

IT is difficult to make the men of affairs in America understand that the establishment of international courts is a part of the business programme of the new century.

This is perceived in Europe by statesmen, jurists, bankers, and merchants,—not with unanimity, indeed, but with a common consent and a desire for action which is not appreciated in America and is not shared here.

For our apparent indifference there are two causes: First, that it is thirty-seven years, more than a generation of men, since we were involved in any serious war. The hundred days' war of 1898 was not long enough nor on a scale large enough to derange commerce, manufacture, agriculture, or finance, which is so inter-linked with commerce, agriculture and manufacture.

Second, the cause of peace, simply because of its appeal to every tender sentiment, has been relegated into the inferior position of what the national phrase calls a side show. And the fact that poets and preachers and little children and women dislike war, with the other fact that they have been very apt to talk very foolishly in what they have said about it, has consigned

what is called the peace cause in the general mind to a sort of outside limbo. The leaders of the press would say frankly that it is what they call a back number. The newsboys, and older boys not their equals in intelligence, would say squarely that there is no money in it. The men of affairs, it is true, know better. Any powder maker will tell you that more powder is used in five years of peace than in five years of war. Any experienced banker will tell you that the speculations which hinge on victories and defeats are much more dangerous in war times than the speculations of prosperity. Every man who studies social progress knows that peace leads to plenty. But, while men of sense and leaders of finance and students of sociology make the public opinion of a century, it is not they who make the public opinion of a given forenoon, or the other opinion of the afternoon of the same day. And so is it, that the indifference of the newsboy class does not conform with the conviction of the men who think and contrive and decide, the conviction of the men of affairs.

The last ten years have shown that this is all different in Europe. The press of Europe was more or less languid regarding international courts, but the men who direct finance, the men

who watch with personal interest the great movements of commerce, have shown no such indifference. Thus, when the Emperor Nicholas issued his famous rescript, the English press was at first coy, or, at best, doubtful. "Was the Czar fooling the world? Did the Czar lie? Did anybody care?" These questions were tossed about a little, before the daily readers. But so soon as the great bankers expressed themselves, as the corporations of the great cities expressed themselves, Lord Salisbury and the Government expressed themselves with great definiteness, and England was in the fore-front of the combination which forced through the three conventions of Brussels.

Indeed, now, if you wish to say the conventional and genteel thing about The Hague conference, you say, "Of course, we knew it must go through." In fact, you say you had told the world it would go through; but, really, that the conference did not go near far enough, and left undone what it ought to have done.

This change of base in England, and the contrast to-day between their work and the American indifference in this matter, show that they understand better there than most people do here how close is the relation between general peace and general prosperity. Indeed, the whole

British Empire is occupied at this time by an object lesson which keeps public opinion well up to certain decisions on that point, which it might not have made without daily reminders. If a little war with a little nation which has no army or navy or arsenals costs three hundred million pounds a year, how much would a large war cost? It is a simple sum in arithmetic, but practice in it makes perfect, when you come to working it out with the larger figures.

That the real direction of affairs is now in the hands of the men of affairs in America was proved well enough by Mr. Cleveland's great experiment in war. Mr. Cleveland chose, for reasons which have never been quite understood, to throw in three lines at the end of a dispatch, which was not belligerent as originally drawn. In these three lines he suggested the possibility of a war between England and America. Both countries, at the moment, were in profound peace with a promise of unequalled prosperity. In forty-eight hours all this was changed. As a black thunder cloud rises on a summer sky, the black threat of war chilled all this prospect. Every man of business had to take in sail. Engagements for the future had to be cancelled. Contracts were thrown up; and it would be fair to say that the nation lost a step which till this year it has not regained.

At that moment a little committee of men of affairs in the City of New York called together a convention of men of business of the country. They did not wait to have the men chosen; they named their four hundred leaders of the country, from all the forty-five States, and even from the Territories. These men were called to consider the necessity of peace and the possibilities of arbitration. They were called and they came. They spent three days in a meeting at Washington, and when they went home the world of affairs knew that the business men of this country did not mean to have any war with England.

Such an uprising of men of affairs does the world a great deal of good. The announcement in 1898 by the capitalists of London that they meant to stand by the Czar, and by anybody else who believed in peace, did a great deal of good. It created The Hague conference, and we owe to such an announcement the three Hague Conventions, which are now the law of the world.

M. De Bloch, the author of "The War of the Future," understood that the business of the pacification of the world is changed from what it was. It is no longer a matter of Sunday. It is a matter of week-days. It is no longer a theme for speeches to the galleries. It is the

foundation for the commerce, the manufacture, the business, in a word, of mankind. And his last published word to the world was an answer to the question, "How to widen the plan." He addressed it to the men who met at Glasgow last spring.

It should be on the desk of the new Secretary of Peace, and on the desk of every banking house. There is no sing-song in it, and no sugar candy. It tells the hard, square truth about war and the changes which have come to armies and soldiers. It tells the square truth about peace, and the chances for peace and against it. If the peace societies do not care to go into such work as M. De Bloch assigned to them in his dying words, why, the Chambers of Commerce, the Boards of Trade, will take it out of their hands.

AROUND HOME.

NOTHING has done so much good for the sturdiness and success of American life as the pride of our people in their own homes. And this is right—it is just as it should be. Long before the Declaration of Independence the people of Paxton, as the people in fifty other towns in New England, declared war against George III.

That is, in town meeting they ordered their selectmen to order powder enough and bullets enough for all the men of those towns to use when the time should come for fighting George III.

An English traveller said to me one day that in passing from Boston to San Francisco and back again nothing amused him so much as the number of home celebrations. It was the anniversary of that battle, or it was the anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of the church.

People got together and stroked each other's hair and congratulated each other that they were born in Lexington, or in Lawrence, or in Denver. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of this or the one hundredth anniversary of that.

If this traveller had but known it, it is such pride in one's home which has made America a different place from Europe, and makes it worth while to live in America. If in any city outside of Paris, in France, I should ask the gentleman at whose home I was visiting how they arranged for the health of the community, how they kept the water supply from contamination, or how they arranged the sewage, he would say: "Oh, they settle that for us in Paris; they send down the proper man, who arranges it all. I really cannot tell you about it. If it is necessary

for you to know I can give you a note to headquarters."

If I put the same question in a town here my host himself is able and reliable; he has served on the Board of Health; if in New England, he has been one of the selectmen. He has been a county supervisor; at the very least he has voted for this policy or that policy in the supply of the water or in the drainage of the town.

As one knocks about, going over the country, he sees the necessity of preserving this local feeling, of interesting people in what they have at home.

The teacher of every school, public or private, ought to call the attention of the children to their local history, to their local advantages, and so make them proud that they live in that particular place. "The company that saved the day at Bennington or at Herkimer was formed on the green in front of the church. Walter, your grandfather was there, and you must make your father tell you the story, and next Wednesday you shall tell it to the school."

Or there is some peculiarity in the vegetation of the neighborhood. "How many of the children know that such and such ferns grow here which grow nowhere else in New York? Last August there was a gentleman here who came

all the way from Washington to see those ferns at the right season."

In some of the newer States of the West they have what they call the "Country's Day," or "Patriot's Day," that the children who have come from Norway or Sweden, or Bulgaria or Arabia, may know that it is a good thing to live in America, and that it is a different thing from living in countries governed as those countries were governed.

I know of schools where at the end of the autumn term and the winter term and the spring term there is a regular celebration, in which the boys and girls "speak pieces" taken from our best public speakers. They sing patriotic songs, they buy a new flag, if the old one is worn out, they make a sort of holiday of the day, so that those children may grow up with some knowledge of the privileges and duties of the country which they are to govern.

There is not one of those boys but will be glad to give his first vote when he is twenty-one years old. There is not one of those girls but will be glad to sew a button on his coat for him if he should go out with the Forty-ninth Regiment or the Fiftieth. And the people who run those schools mean that when that time comes the boys and girls shall know what they are

going to vote for and what they are going to fight for.

A well-informed man said to me in Chicago that the resolution and pride with which a Chicago man speaks for his city and works for his city can be compared with nothing but the similar pride with which in the best days of Athens an Athenian lived for Athens.

I think this pride and the determination to improve the city is a very valuable part of the make-up of Chicago. Every man wants to maintain his pride in his country, his pride in his State, his pride in the town to which he belongs.

Everything that the schools can do, and the pulpit and the journals, ought to be done, that the boys and girls may be proud and glad that they live where they do and work where they do, and that they know why.

ANNIVERSARIES

OCTOBER TWENTY-ONE—WHAT?

I AM fond of puzzling my younger friends on this day and saying, "To-day is the most important day in Modern History: What is it?" And in eleven times out of twenty, they do not know.

All the same, "The Admiral upon the castle of the poop of the ship at ten o'clock at night, on the eleventh of October, 1492, saw a great light. After he spoke of it to Pedro Gutierrez, the light was seen once or twice. The Admiral was certain that it was a sign of land."

In a judicial examination which determined the award of a prize offered to the first person who saw the New World, that prize was awarded to the Admiral himself, Christopher Columbus. He was not in his berth that night, you may be sure of that. "He was on deck," as our fine American proverb has it; and he was "looking forward and not back." He saw a light and reported what he saw to the others. A light in the darkness, that is the token, or what the Indians call a "totem," of this New World.

In 1790, or thereabouts, the Academy of Lyons in France offered a purse of one thousand Louis d'or for the best essay on the advantages which the great discovery had brought to mankind. Francs, observe, were not known, nor Napoleons. We still offered prizes in Louis d'or.

To tell the whole truth, the thinking world of Europe, excepting the political enthusiasts, didn't take much stock in America just then. The general opinion of the "respectable classes," who have money in their pockets, or of that larger class who wish they had, was against America. America was always the cause of war. The perpetual influx of gold and silver into Europe steadily reduced the value of money. All debts were always paid in a lower currency than that in which they were made.

The Academy never gave any prize, but Raynal had proposed it, and several essays were written in competition. Chastellux, the man who supplied brains to Rochambeau, wrote for it, and a man named Genty printed his own paper. He was a French censor who gave the government permits to print books or journals. I believe I am the only person alive who ever read his book. I found it worth reading. He thinks he has to admit that the influence on trade and politics

thus far had been bad. But at the very end of his dark picture, he says the independence of the Anglo-Americans is the event most likely to accelerate the revolution which is to renew the happiness of the world.

Within three months of the anniversary, poor France had beheaded her King and the Reign of Terror was begun. They had but little chance then to inquire whether Jesuit bark or Peruvian silver did them good or harm.

In the hundred and ten years which have passed since, it has proved that the poor forgotten Abbe Genty knew what he was talking about. It has proved that the great political, social, moral, and religious lesson which this half of the world has taught to the other half is worth a thousand times as much to it as all the commercial benefits which the essayists of that time wrote about. It has proved that commerce, as always, is companion of civilization and religion. And, at the same time, it has proved that civilization and religion direct commerce and the handiwork of men.

What with imperial government and different forms of paganism, some of which take very fine names; what with feudalism and "barons and squires and knights of the shires," the Old World could not work out the great experiments of the

Christian religion. But it also proved that whenever feudalism landed on what man thought the most barren part of America—the seashore between Labrador and Florida—feudalism died in half an hour. It has proved that government of the people, for the people, by the people would work out the salvation of the people, not only in petty villages, but in the management of a great nation. And this great gift America has given to the world. God wanted white paper for His Gospel, and when Columbus landed on San Salvador that white paper was unrolled.

Give me white paper!
This which you use is black and rough with smears
Of sweat and grime and fraud and blood and tears,
Crossed with the story of men's sins and fears,
Of battle and of famine all these years,
When all God's children have forgot their birth,
And drudged and fought and died like beasts of earth.

Give me white paper!
One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;
What no man saw, he saw; he heard what no man heard;
In answer he compelled the sea
To eager man to tell
The secret she had kept so well.
Left blood and guilt and tyranny behind,
Sailing still west the hidden shore to find;
For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,
Where God might write anew the story of the world.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

IT is fifty years ago to-day since Daniel Webster died. His last words, "I still live," may be well remembered after all the years of half a century.

His own college celebrated the centennial of his commencement a year ago. I do not remember any other such celebration. Few men, indeed, are remembered in the same way. We live in to-day, as we ought to live. And few men live for to-morrow so successfully that they may expect that the world will stop after a hundred years to remember the date of a commencement.

But Webster's life made its mark. A distinguished officer who served as a young man in the Civil War, said to me when he had just come home, "I will tell you what sent me into the army. It was speaking Webster's speeches at school. "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Nobody can even guess how many Northern boys would say the same thing. And now that the United States *is* a nation, it is hard to make anybody believe that there were times when such lessons were needed.

There is a queer *if* in Webster's history, which tempts some curious questions. He began the practice of law in his own State, New Hamp-

shire. His first speeches in Congress were made when he represented a New Hampshire district. I think he was in Washington when a fire destroyed his home and his valuable library in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Should he rebuild? It was to be a turning-point of his life.

And he knew then as well as he knew in 1852 that New York is the Empire State. He went to Albany, to consider the question whether he would not go to Albany to live.

Were there perhaps too many promising lawyers there for a young New Hampshire attorney of thirty-three years to venture to put up his shingle there? At all events, Mr. Webster turned down Albany, and went to Boston. From that time, one might say fairly, he directed the politics of Massachusetts for thirty years,—not longer.

But as I say, *if* he had come to Albany, what then?

Be it remembered that the "Missouri question," the first anti-slavery question, loomed up just afterwards. Be it remembered that when every Northern representative who voted for Mr. Clay's compromise was thrown out of the line by his constituents, Mr. Webster headed the opposition to slavery in Massachusetts. In 1822 he was sent to Congress purely on Northern

grounds. The philosopher Emerson, not long out of college, wrote in triumph:

"By dint of much electioneering, the good cause has succeeded, and we are sending our giant down among you false Sothrons. We are proudly anticipating the triumph of the Northern interest to be gained or to be achieved by Mr. Webster. . . . I think Mr. Webster had about two-thirds of the whole number of votes."

What would have happened to the country IF, IF in his office in Albany, Daniel Webster had taken up the sceptre which Rufus King was laying down? Perhaps some of the young gentlemen or ladies will write for us, "The Apocryphal Daniel Webster;" as a bright Frenchman once wrote "The Apocryphal Napoleon."

It seems queer enough to any one who grew up in a school of old-time Abolitionists to speak of Mr. Webster as a possible leader of theirs. But the passage above shows the feeling in 1822. People did not talk much about slavery. But they did begin to know that there was a North and a South. And Mr. Webster was already recognized as a great Northern leader. When "nullification" was asserted as right and duty, Mr. Webster appeared as the great Union leader. When Andrew Jackson coolly informed Mr. Calhoun that if he did not look out he would

be hanged, when he gave his famous toast, "The Federal Union, it must be preserved," Mr. Webster and he were in accord. Men even said that Webster wrote one of "Old Hickory's" messages. And when, only a few years after Massachusetts had given Jackson but a fourth part of her popular vote, he made a "progress" in Massachusetts, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm, because he and Mr. Webster had "saved the Union."

It is, I suppose, an open secret, that after General Harrison's death, when Webster was still Secretary of State, he still wished to lead the North against the South. It is believed that in 1841, when he was still in the Cabinet, he laid before the party leaders of the Whigs of New England his conviction that they must take distinctly the Northern view as against the Southern encroachments. He tried to persuade them to do so. The "Conscience Whigs" said "Yes." But the "Cotton Whigs" said "No." Mr. Webster found that his own party leaders disowned him. He went back to Washington a disgusted and disappointed man. And he obeyed in his fashion his tried counsellors. But to support him he had always that passion for *union* which had been his ruling passion since he was a boy. And he had the wish for peace which every lover

of his country has. And when he gave his unwilling assent in his March 7th speech, on the Compromise of 1852, all men knew that the issue was yes or no on the matter of the Civil War.

This determination to maintain the Union is what men remember of Daniel Webster. They do not sit in judgment on this or that question of method or detail.

FOREFATHERS' DAY.

THE celebration of the Forefathers' landing falls very naturally into ecclesiastical hands, because the Plymouth Church gives the first visible, concrete illustration in English history of the establishment of a church absolutely independent. I like to remind my ecclesiastical friends of what they do not like to be reminded of. They are very glad to say that here was a "church without a bishop," taking Mr. Choate's fine epigram of fifty years ago. So it was. But they are not apt to to say that it was a church without any ordained minister. There had been no laying on of hands by anybody. William Brewster, who preached to them, preached to them because he

was a good man and could preach. If they celebrated the Lord's Supper—and I think they did—the Lord's Supper was simply the repast of brethren and sisters who passed the bread and wine from hand to hand. No one of them was in any sort or sense or pretence the superior in authority to any other. When I say this to my ecclesiastical friends, they say, "Yes"—very much obliged to me for saying it; and then they turn the conversation in another direction. And all the same it is true.

What is important to observe when we study the history of that first generation, and the history nearly parallel of the first thirty years of the settlers in the Bay, is this: the ecclesiastical independence led directly to political independence, pure and simple.

The five-and-twenty men from Leyden who survived their first winter in Plymouth went to a religious meeting or to a political meeting with just the same warrant. Equals before God, they were equals in the State. Ecclesiastical tyranny had compelled them to consider the rights of men in their worship of God. And they had come out on the conclusion which all Protestant Christendom has come out on to-day—that one man's right in this business is as good as another's. After three centuries we understand

what perhaps they did not comprehend, that we are all of the nature of God Himself—not simply His creatures, but His children. They had crossed the water, they were literally in a new world, because in the Old World they could not maintain this absolute equality of the children as they nestled in their Father's arms, and their absolute independence of all power excepting His power. If anybody cares, they added that word "independence" to the English language, because under the feudal system nobody had ever wanted any such word before their time. Here they got what they wanted. Nobody chose to follow them, so that they were, of course, independent.

I do not suppose they expected what followed. Literally, as Mr. Emerson said, they builded better than they knew. Independence in worship had been worth coming for. And, lo! as always happens to those who sought first the kingdom of God, all the things of earth were added—added, if you please, to their own surprise. Everything was added which is worth more than a straw or a feather. Equality before the law was added. This means education of each and all. It means open promotion for each and all. Yes, it means equal duty for each and all, because it means equal privilege for each and

all. I must do my part. You must do yours. If the reader is in the State called Massachusetts, and while he reads, men should rush in and tell him that the block of buildings were on fire, if he should hurry into the street, and the officer in charge thought he needed him in the high story of the burning block to carry a leading hose or to carry an order, he must go. Because he is a citizen of the State, he is a servant of the State. That is to say, the American citizen does not obey the law given by any superior. He obeys the law made by himself and the rest of the people. "All for each, and each for all." This principle laid itself down when those twenty weavers and dyers and spinners and printers met together in their first town meeting:—equality in duty, the equality of privilege, the equality of right before the law.

Observe, then, that these twenty or twenty-five men meet at the call of the governor whom they have themselves appointed. It is not any King Egbert or King James who calls his faithful commons together to consult or to advise him. It is John Carver or William Bradford, whom they have themselves appointed to summon them on whatever emergency. Certain necessities have shown themselves. Perhaps a pier must be run out from the Plymouth Rock

for the shallop. Perhaps a bridge must be built across the brook; or shall it be a furlong farther up? Or matters must be decided for the future. If some lazy dog refuses to work, shall he be flogged and shall he be set in the stocks? Who shall flog him? Who shall lock the padlock, and who shall unlock it? See, from the beginning, how different this is from feudal law. It is no longer I, the baron, will flog you, John Doe, or will tell my tip-staves to do it. It is "We, the People, in this storeroom, determine that, if any one of us refuse obedience to any one of our laws, *our* officer shall flog that man or shall imprison him." This distinction of origin, purpose, and method, runs down to the present time.

It is queer enough that the European writers cannot be made to understand it. They think the governor is a king with a different name, or the president an emperor with a different name. I have had an officer of the English government talking to me of Grover Cleveland, calling him the ruler of America. Grover Cleveland was no more the ruler of America than I am the Shah of Persia, and he knew that perfectly well. I have heard an intelligent scholar abuse William McKinley for carrying out the instructions of Congress. Fortunately for Mr. McKinley, he

had read the Constitution of the United States. He knew that in the matter of war and peace he must obey the Congress of the United States. Simply, it is "We, the People," who are the sovereign of America. That principle announced itself when the five-and-twenty survivors of the Mayflower met and voted how many stripes each of them should receive if he were lazy, and who should be the man to administer them.

What comes of this system? We can see in two or three concrete examples. But first let me meet the sneer of those who say they prefer the "government by the best," such people as Thomas Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Gov. Peter Stuyvesant, and the Emperor of Germany. "We, the People," are very ignorant, they say. So they are, God knows! There is not one in a hundred of them to whom you would give your watch to mend. That is true, God knows! But what they do know is what they want. And of a democratic government, such as they established, the merit is this: that the majority of the people have what they want. The minority of the people know that the law is supported by the stronger side. And therefore they keep the peace. The majority want to try the experiment. If it succeed, well! and the world makes

a step forward. If it fails, what matter? We can change it at the next session. In ten words, here is the history of Massachusetts and her legislation from Winslow's time to the American Revolution. They tried this and that and another experiment. They tried the Mosaic law, tried bounties for iron and for salt, tried catching whales on shares, tried exiling Baptists and hanging Quakers. If these experiments failed, why, they failed; and that was the end of them. If they succeeded, they succeeded; and whoever wanted to improve upon them might improve upon them.

A convenient instance, because it is small enough to be studied in some detail, is the establishment of a lighthouse. Here is the right arm of Massachusetts! It is hospitable enough to our Pilgrims. As Mr. Edward Everett says so finely: "The little hills rejoiced when the Mayflower approached, and the mountains clapped their hands. The mighty God stretched out His right arm into the Atlantic, and received the storm-tossed Mayflower in the hollow of His hand." Yes, hospitable to the Pilgrims in the day-time; but, when Captain Pierce in the John and Mary makes the coast in February, when, like Saint Paul, he sounds and has twenty fathoms, then sounds again and has but fifteen fathoms,

who is to tell him which way to steer? We, the People, build for him the lighthouse and the headland. We, the People, light for him the beacon fires every night. We give the friendly warning to him at night. He shortens sail or he puts down his helm. The sun rises. "Lo! land! and all is well!"

And how do feudal systems welcome him? Has he a welcome there when he returns to England? Yes; it is the welcome of the landowner, who has bought from a baron, who was the grandson of an earl, who inherited from a pirate—the privilege of lighting a beacon on a headland at the mouth of the Mersey. And, before Captain Pierce can enter his harbor, he must pay a fee to the light-keeper whose master inherits this piratical claim. But We, the People, know that all the people are the better because the John and Mary arrived. We, the People, welcome her on her arrival. And, in historical fact, the free lighthouses on the Massachusetts shore, and all our free lighthouses which mark on the maps of heaven the ocean shores of half a continent, have been the object lesson of the world. They have changed and are changing the legislation of the world. We gently reminded the government of Denmark that every Danish ship entered our harbors

without the annoyance of light dues; and for the first time in a thousand years the ships of the world passed into the Baltic free from the taxes at Elsinore—taxes which are older than Hamlet's time.

A good instance in a matter which sooner or later is of importance to every man is the system, all but universal now in the really civilized nations of the world, of the registration of deeds. Even England has entered with spirit on such a registration. Where was the registration invented? It began, almost as a matter of course, so soon as men were really governing themselves, were making their laws for their own use, and were making them, therefore, as they themselves needed. This is to say, the system began in the Old Colony. It began, I think, when there were not twenty thousand people in the Old Colony. But what is good for a few is probably good for all. The Bay Colony borrowed it from Plymouth. All civilized America borrowed it from New England. And now, wherever constitutional government has gone, the public registration of deeds has gone. So far that little candle sheds its beams. Or so far does that mustard seed overshadow the world.

In a pure democracy, again, which means an independent state, free from feudal traditions,

you have the best possible chance to have all sorts of men bring forward their best suggestions. You want a Benjamin Franklin; and it proves that a hungry, runaway apprentice fills the bill. You need Abraham Lincoln; and he steps out of a log cabin, and says, "Here am I." "A man's a man," and the man does not need to wait on the direction of baron or squire or knight of a shire. This is what you gain when you listen to everybody and choose the best.

THE WAY AND HOW THEY FOUND CHRISTMAS.

A BABY is born, and is laid in a crib. I like to use the old Saxon word, because I was laid in a crib myself when I was a baby. A sentinel saw the light which shone out under a crack of the stable door. That is Mr. Domett's pretty fancy as being the first flash of the Light which has enlightened the world.

A generation after the birth of the child there had clustered round him a few personal friends, men and women. Of these the men forsook him and fled when he was arrested in Gethsemane. The women stood by his grave when he died. But, after he died, the men and women got to-

gether, and the company of them was a hundred and twenty. We "ten times one" people like to remember that ten times twelve is one hundred and twenty. Not long after, the Book of Acts says that the number of people who believed that this was the Saviour of the world was more than three thousand.

Three hundred years afterward Constantine believed that a fifteenth part of the people of his empire were Christians. Seven hundred years after that every king in Europe told his people that Christ was his Master and theirs. What works this increase in the number of Christian men and women?

Is it learning? Is it scholarship? No.

I put down the pen with which I wrote these words to look at the best biographical dictionary which I know, and read with some care the names of the poets, the preachers, and theologians of the eight centuries between Iamblichus and the First Crusade. By far the greater part of these were what are called Christian writers. I do not believe that in five hundred of them there are more than six names which are known to the average college graduate or intelligent reader of our time. I think the names of both Augustines, of Ambrose and Abelard and Athanasius, and Chrysostom and Saint Jerome might be known

in the circles of most intelligence. But excepting a few passages from Augustine and excepting the hymn of Te Deum and possibly one or two other fragments in the hymn-books, there have not been ten words which belong to those centuries which have been read in the year 1902 by anybody outside the theological schools. Yet here in the eleventh century was a continent—the continent of Europe—in which every man, woman, and child was united absolutely in their determination to honor Jesus Christ. They took a poor way to show it, if you please; but they took a way which involved personal sacrifice, which led thousands of them to death away from home.

Counting nine or ten centuries more from the First Crusade to our time, and you come out on what we call Christendom. The word "Christianity" is now practically the same word as the word "civilization." Thus a law is now tested by the question of whether it is or is not a Christian law. In face of the blunders of the ecclesiastics, in face of ignorance and the worship of the letter and the idolatry of things, the name of Jesus Christ and the "Way," as Saint Paul calls it, of Jesus Christ govern the words and the legislation and the business of the world.

Yet, once more, when you look at the intel-

lectual work of these nine or ten centuries or at the edicts of emperors or kings, you find that these have really literally next to nothing to do, perhaps nothing to do, with this present sway of Jesus Christ as the leader of men.

Two millenniums nearly have gone by since He lived and died. He sent out twelve apostles, one of whom broke down before his work began. Of the other eleven, we know a little of four or five. We know almost nothing of the rest. Since that time, when we come to speak of men who are worth naming in the same minute with Saint Paul or Saint John in any list of apostles, we find ourselves very soon at the end of our catalogue. It will be hard to name twenty leaders in twenty centuries whose public work in the fields of intellect or in the kindred fields of government, even with the magic of poetry or music, has placed them in the rank of apostles. Yet here are millions upon millions of men, women and children of the world, making nearly half the people now in the world, who really belonged to the Christian Church. They were born into the Christian Church. The baby born in North Street yesterday was wrapped in a Christian blanket, cared for with Christian love and Christian science, and protected by Christian law. The hundred pounds of coal in her mother's base-

ment were left there because Jesus Christ instructed the teamster to carry them.

How did this come to pass? It came to pass, not because Ambrose sang the "Te Deum" in Milan, not because Saint Augustine, sitting under a pear-tree in Africa, heard God speak to him; not because Gregory or anybody organized the Church; not because Godfrey of Bouillon stormed the city of Jerusalem. All these things helped in their little way. But here is not the mystery of mysteries.

The world breathes more and more of the Holy Spirit; the world lives in a larger life day by day, because some father and mother in the Black Forest, or by the Guadalquivir River, or in the marshes by the Elbe, taught their little children to say "Our Father" when they learned enough to pray. It is because the story of the Prodigal Son was painted with clumsy art upon the window of this church or that. It is because some dying soldier refused the cup of cold water that was brought him, because the man next him needed it more. It was because some mother, widowed because her soldier-husband had died in the battle of Tiberias, called her children around her and read them the Sermon on the Mount, and told them that in a battle on that mountain their father had been killed, and that

in a grave on that mountain he was buried. It is the four Gospels. It is the religion of the four Gospels which makes the world of to-day. And such lessons are taught to-day, when John climbs five flights of stairs at midnight with a stove and the petroleum which are to heat the frozen attic. Or when, in a drifting snow-storm, the fireman on the engine shovels coal into his furnace, so that your children may have milk for their breakfast to-morrow. Or when this boy or that girl have tried the great experiment of prayer, and found that it succeeded. Or when a lazy boy, who had disobeyed his father, remembered a story which he had heard about such a boy, and went back to his father as the boy in the story did. Such lessons are taught when some Dorcas in this village or that dressed the wounds of a soldier, or lighted the winter fire of a blind beggar, or cared for a despised deserter in a soldier's prison. The old heathen reign of each for himself was at an end. For the dawn —though it was only the dawn—of the Sun of Righteousness was beginning to dapple in that black sky. Each for all; not he for himself, nor I for myself. As it proves in every life, a world of men and women, sons and daughters of God, find the Way of Christ, the Son of God, the Well Beloved, is the only way, and in that way they chose to journey.

This change, or, if you choose, this beginning of a change, does not come on the world as the world is instructed in intellectual facts. It comes by contagion. Love rules the court. Love rules the camp, because a brave man makes others brave. A just man makes others just. A pure woman makes others pure. A faithful woman makes others faithful. An industrious woman makes others industrious. A hopeful woman makes others hope, and a loving woman makes others love. All this is said more simply when the Saviour says, "The kingdom of heaven is as a grain of mustard seed." You plant your seed, and, lo! the world is overshadowed. Or it is said, as Isaiah tells you, of a spark in the tinder, that because no one extinguished the spark the whole was in a blaze. By which I mean to say that the religion of "Our Father who art in heaven," the religion of Jesus Christ, quickening the lives of John and Andrew and Paul, of Mary Magdalene and Salome and Dorcas, worked its way in the glad contagion of life upon life. It is not a king and his subjects. It is not a general and his soldiers. It is not a teacher and his pupils. It is not command and obedience. It is not even discipline. It is life enlivening life, love giving birth to love, truth compelling truth. It is fair to say, as a modern

author has said, that, while the logic of Saint Paul has never converted one sinner, the parables of the four Gospels have saved a world.

THE NEW YEAR.

IT is very interesting to see that with every year the people who live in the world think that the year which has just gone by has been one of the most important years in history. The truth is that, as John Sterling said very well,

"Nature always gives us more than all she ever takes away."

Anyway, each of us is in the middle of a world, and what he sees with his eyes and hears with his ears affects him much more than what he reads in a book, than what is told by a grandfather, or the lesson which he received from his grandmother. The reader and I and my brothers and sisters and the reader's father and mother see and are seeing and will see certain things about Caracas and the canal across the isthmus and the coal strike and the last blizzard which none of us see about what happened in the last month of 1802 or in the first month of 1803. So we may well hug to ourselves the opinion, which is for us true—that the end of 1902 and the beginning of 1903 are the most important epochs in history.

To my mind the attention called by the sailors, the soldiers, and the statesmen of the world to peace as provided for in the two great peace congresses of the last ten years, is the interesting thing—that is to say, is the thing of central interest. The flies who ride on the carriage and think themselves very important sneer and laugh about the great congress at The Hague and its permanent tribunal. Indeed, as they ride along on the carriage and suppose that they drive it, these same buzz-about flies could not see anything about the great international congress in Mexico which bound sixteen more states to submit their differences to The Hague tribunal. But The Hague tribunal did not take much care whether the buzz-about flies approved or did not approve. The Hague tribunal went to work and did what it was told to do. And just now, when there is real danger of battle and fighting and death, the public do care and a few of the leaders of the world care that there is The Hague tribunal, which has been arranged by the Christian civilization of the world for precisely such circumstances. The men of sense find themselves where they always find themselves. As Mr. Wordsworth says so well,

"And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw."

If anybody would take the trouble to read the three Hague conventions, he will find that they provide first that before any fighting has been, every case at issue shall be left to the arbitrator.

Second, they provide that if all the parties in the case at issue agree, the questions at issue shall be decided by the International Tribunal. Third, they provide the rules by which war shall be carried on if war must be carried on at all. At the moment when I write these lines, we are just in a position where Mr. Roosevelt is to determine whether he—which means he and his advisers—will act as arbitrator. He may say yes, or he may say no. But if he determines that the questions at issue shall be submitted to the court appointed by the common sense of the world, the court is ready for any such submission.

SUNDAY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

HOW SHALL WE SPEND SUNDAY?

DR. PRIMROSE was travelling from North New Padua, which is his home, to the City of Washington. He thought they wanted his advice in the coal commission, but he does not travel on Sunday, so he stayed over Sunday in Boston. There he learned that the commission had gone to Scranton, so he did not hurry on his journey, for he did not think he should have any friend at court who would admit him into the coal mines. And so it happened that he spent the next Sunday in New York.

Some of us met him on Monday morning, and we asked Dr. Primrose what he thought of Sunday life in cities. The dear old gentleman was not displeased, and lectured at some length on what he should do and what he should not do about Sunday life in such cities as Boston and New York, if it so happened that he had absolute power given to him. As he had not that power, he could only talk about it.

First of all, he said that he thought the Church of Rome had gone one better than most of the Protestant churches, by its care in having early religious services. He said that in New York, after his breakfast, he went round at eight o'clock to one of the largest churches that he was ever in in his life; he found it thronged with earnest and intelligent worshippers. He is not a Roman Catholic himself, but as he went across from there to attend worship in the Protestant church, he wondered why it was that the Protestant churches of New York and Boston, so far as he observed them, were not open for worship before half-past ten. So the dear old gentleman went back, and thought of the praise meeting he once conducted in Montana, when the sun was rising, where the people did not know what religious communion they did belong to. He remembered his own Sunday-school in North New Padua, where two hundred and seventy-nine boys and girls met at nine o'clock every Sunday morning and sang praises and repeated Psalms, and he took comfort in those recollections. Then the old gentleman forgot that he was discussing a great question about which the ecclesiastics find it hard to come to a conclusion, but he fell to talking about some things which they do in North New Padua which interested me, and I wrote them down.

Among other things, he said he had in his parish a club, or society, of twenty young girls, some of whom were twelve years old and some of them were seventeen. It seemed they were bound by their compact not to live for what is called self-improvement or self-culture, but to be of some use to other people. And as they went and came, they had, half in joke at first, but afterward in earnest, adopted a grandmother, and then they adopted another grandmother, and at the moment Dr. Primrose was talking they had adopted six grandmothers. This meant that in the country town like North New Padua Alice coaxed papa to let her have the carryall and Old White Face, and drove up to grandmother's and took grandmother to ride. Or Bertha carried up some cake and ice cream from her mother's party of the night before. Or Clara carried up a bunch of chrysanthemums from her mother's garden. In each case, the grandmother was a poor old woman who lived two or three miles away from the village, and if these nice girls had not kept her life bright it would have been very stupid.

Dr. Primrose said that as he went and came in his passage, he wondered how many of the famous clubs in Boston were engaged in that sort of work on a Sunday afternoon, and whether it

would not be as well if the Sunday-school teachers, after they had explained the first chapter of the Gospel according to Saint John, had quickened the girls into some way by which they could spend two or three hours of an afternoon in taking care of a grandmother perhaps, in visiting that poor girl who burned her hand with kerosene last week, or in translating a letter for the Frenchman who wanted to know what had become of his brother's property. He said he thought that if on Sunday afternoon people could not make just the excuses they make on other days, they could get acquainted themselves with all sorts and conditions of men. Then they all fell to talking about the supposed separation between business and religion, and Dr. Primrose made a revelation about the condition of affairs in North New Padua which made one ask whether some similar arrangement could not be made in New York and Boston. He said that the people of his church were well in the habit in that northeast section of Aroostook County of going to two religious services every Sunday. They had what they called a Nooning House just outside the church. It was a cabin, half logs, half slabs, where the women had a cup of strong green tea, baked beans, and cold pork with bread and butter. Now in this Noon-

ing House one hundred and fifty people spent a part of the two hours between the services; but there was a good hour which was not spent in tea drinking. And the men and the women who had any heads had got into the habit of meeting there to talk over village affairs; whatever there was in the life of the village that needed attention, like the planting of new trees, the laying of water mains, or the drainage down at the common; what should be done with those French Canadians, whether there was any danger of fire when people burned their brush in the autumn. This came to be a habit with the North New Padua people; it was a sort of informal town meeting once a week, which would straighten things out which would otherwise have been left crooked.

It was clear enough that as the old gentleman had made a sort of apostolic walk through Boston streets, it had occurred to him that if one hundred and fifty of the better men of the ward, with one hundred and fifty of the better women, could be got together on Sunday afternoon, with a sort of conversational discussion about the needs of the wards, the political leaders would have to come to it, and the doctors would have to come to it, and the cranks in general would have to come to it, and some of the

reformers of society would come to it. He thought that in New York or Boston a hundred such meetings in a hundred local centres would be a good occupation of the hour between four and five o'clock Sunday afternoon. But I would not let him talk about this. I prodded him up to know what we had better do in New York and Boston on Sunday evening. The old gentleman's face lighted up with great pleasure, and he went back to forty years ago, to the time when Cooper Institute was built. He said he was younger then and that somebody asked him to preach there of a Sunday evening. He said that large Cooper Institute was crowded with people, mostly men. They had never heard of him, they had never heard of North New Padua, but they had heard of the Lord God and of Jesus Christ, and they knew how to sing. Nobody asked them to sign any book when they went in, nobody asked them for any money when they went out. It was clear enough that Dr. Primrose thought they were better men and the community a better community because that hapened. When I told the old gentleman that just the same thing happened in the Cooper Institute now, he was very much pleased, but he asked me why instead of one such place or ten such places in a city like New York or a city like Bos-

ton, there were not five hundred every Sunday evening. I did not know.

THE IDEAL SUNDAY.

IT is no longer with the desire to compel people to go to meeting or to church that our present statutes are devised. All that effort has been weeded out from them. It is rather with the intention to leave everybody free to go to public worship, and free to rest if he wants to rest. It is an effort to relax all chains on that day. I am old enough to remember when poor debtors, who had to reside in the jail limits on week-days, availed themselves of this statute on Sunday and went where they chose on visits to their friends. That liberation is a type of the whole plan.

The apprentice could not be compelled to work, nor the journeyman. Stage drivers, ferrymen, hostlers, and grooms even, were at large. People who lived in and near taverns were not to be annoyed by the racket of revellers. Churches were not to be annoyed by the passage of vehicles.

I am fond of telling my children the story of the arrest by one of their ancestors of the Russian Ambassador and his party, who had landed

in some seaboard town and were crossing the country. Ignorant or indifferent to our laws, they pressed their way to the seat of the Government on the Lord's Day. But they found that a Connecticut tithing-man stopped them. He held that the journey was not one of charity or of necessity.

Of which the latent desire was not that the Ambassador should go to meeting, but simply that those that did should not be annoyed by the rattle of his wheels; that the people of the inns should have only the minimum of care, and in general that everybody should be as free to rest himself as he chose on Sunday, as was possible under every condition short of a return to barbarous life.

I think that every conscientious man, every leader of society, must make up his mind whether he thinks public worship one day in seven a good thing or a bad thing, and whether he considers this Sunday rest, as protected by statute, a good thing or a bad thing. As matter of feeling or theory, most men agree here.

Most young lawyers would say they are glad there is one day when they need not go to their offices; most young clerks that they are glad that on that day they need not go to their stores, and so on. As a matter of feeling and theory, yes.

Nay, as a matter of feeling and theory, almost all these persons would be sorry to have public worship abandoned; most, not all.

Some people would not care. Addressing those who did care, I should say: You must make this a matter of action also. You have no right to take the comfort of Sunday, and then to leave to the ministers, to your father and mother, and to the women of the community, the maintaining of Sunday.

When a club of high-minded, moral, and intelligent young men mount their bicycles on Sunday morning, by public appointment, for a race of fifty miles before night they say far more distinctly than any words or votes could say, that so far as they are concerned they mean that the next century shall have no Sunday.

Courts are not to be closed, stores shut up, sheriffs kept back from executing writs, in order that young gentlemen may ride all day on bicycles. The institution of Sunday, if it is to be maintained at all, will be maintained for the nobler purposes of higher life. And, while it is quite legitimate to urge that the art museum, the public library, the concert, may tend to this higher life, nobody will accept the plea which says that a feat of laborious athletics is a bit of the higher life. Every such effort to get over

the line helps the way to the secularization of all days, when there will be no time at all.

I have refrained from any argument of the divine appointment of Sunday. I have been discussing the worth not of the Hebrew Sabbath, but of the Massachusetts Sunday, which is a very different thing. I do not urge that men should rest from labor one day in seven because God rested after six acts of creation. But I ought to say that so far as history avouches law as divine, all the history of Sunday pleads for the sort of rest which I am urging.

More suggestive than any thunder of Sinai, and more convincing than any argument of Moses, is the steadiness with which the seventh day of rest worked itself into the civilization of Europe. Men despised the Jews; they ridiculed and caricatured them; they spurned them in the street; they degraded them in society, but they took from them this institution. Before Christianity got its hold on Rome, the one day in seven captured Rome.

A nation which gave masters power to crucify their slaves was not strong enough to keep slaves from the enjoyment of this rest one day in the week.

No movement of our times for a ten-hour system, for an early closing system, for the relief

of children in factories, ever approached this great determination of a working world that it would rest from its labors when a seventh day came around. Observe, no statesman directed that movement. No philosopher suggested it. Only a few dirty and despised Jews, on the wrong side of the Tiber, if they were in Rome, rested on the seventh day.

The good sense of the thing, the good effect of the thing, captured even the scoffers and the tyrants; and they accepted the boon, which proved to be the new life of their social order.

I only ask men to look around and see if that lesson is not re-enforced on every side. By their fruits shall ye know institutions as well as men.

Is not the town or village where workman and prince, boy and man, rest heartily on Sunday, and make Sunday a day for the refreshing of man's best nature—is it not a place palpably and certainly in advance of the other community, wherever you find it, which struggles against the stream of a world's experience, and tries to reduce Sunday to the common level?

"To labor is to pray," the monkish proverb says. Sometimes it is, sometimes it is not. The motive makes it prayer—or devil service. Of course, I may say the same of rest and labor. It may be the nastiness of Circe's stye. But every

one of us knows it may bring the closest vision, it may bring the noblest resolution, it may bring the highest life.

To leave the clatter of my own anvil; nay, to turn from the echoes of my own thoughts, to go away from friends or disciples, it may be, as the Prince of Men retired in his need—this is to seek God. And they who seek Him, surely they shall find Him, if thus they seek for Him with all their hearts.

SUNDAY IN CITIES.

IN the last article I blocked out a plan which I would make for any American city of more than two hundred thousand people, as to its Sunday services.

Naturally enough, from the history of most of our towns, we have, say, one church for every two thousand people; and, so far as I have ever seen, these churches are well administered up to a certain point. That is to say, the democratic principle had asserted itself; people have got what they wanted. All the same, however, in a city of two hundred thousand people with its twenty churches there are twenty clubs of persons who already have established a residence in the town. They are persons who know each

other, and who to a certain extent bear each other's burdens. Their children dance in the same quadrilles or meet in the same parties, or go out of town on the same picnics. The church association is one tie which unites people who are united in other ties.

Bishop Hamilton, who is one of the wisest men I know, said once in a public meeting where he and I both spoke, that the Protestant Church of New England is well organized for the purposes of religious worship, it is well organized for the purposes of religious education, it is well organized for the purposes of missions, but it is not organized at all for the purposes of hospitality to strangers and of charity to the poor. I think this is true, speaking in general.

Here in Boston I think that our Baptist friends have had the most success in the business of making strangers in Boston feel at home. I think that the great assemblages in Tremont Temple and in Ruggles Street Church are good illustrations of what the Church of Christ ought to do in welcoming people who are not to the manner bred. Now, at this moment, as the Associated Charities report of last Thursday shows, we have fifty nationalities in Boston.

See the statistics of the nationality of the girls who attend the Hancock-Cushman School at the

North End. In the last year of which I have returns, three-quarters of these girls were Russian Jews, half the remainder were German Jews, and the rest were Arabs, Italians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, and Armenians. There was not one girl who could speak English in all the three hundred and six who entered the school at one time. That is an illustration of the "all sorts and conditions of men and women" whom we have here in Boston.

There are lying in this harbor at the present moment five-and-twenty coal-ships waiting for wharfage. Only to-day I have a memorandum given me which tells me who the officers on some of these coal-ships are—God-fearing, intelligent young men, who are kicking their heels in Boston while we find a chance for them to land their coal. I think that there ought to be somebody whose business it is to meet these men, to meet their seamen, to see that the seamen do not go to the dogs, and that the officers themselves are cordially welcomed. I do not believe that the board of charities of the South Congregational Church, or of the Old South meeting-house, or of the Catholic cathedral, or of the German Mission of the Reformed Church in the United States, or of the Union Rescue Mission, or of the Advent Christian

Mission, or of the Christadelphians, or the Jesse Lee Church, or of the Seventh Day Advent Church, or of the Society for the Expression of the Christ Ideal, have paid the slightest attention to the presence of the twenty-five masters, the fifty mates, of the seventy-five engineers and engineers' assistants, or of the five or ten thousand emigrants who arrived in Boston at the same time on the ships which these men conducted. I do know one Christian man and his wife who put themselves in attendance on one steamship of these people because they love God and love men.

Now, I think that the organized churches of Boston ought to begin with a Sunday service somewhere down-town which should attract these people, if it attracted nobody else. As I said at the Unitarian Club a week ago, I would have this in the Old South meeting-house, but that some dear old gentlemen who have now all gone to heaven put some absurd conditions on the use of that meeting-house twenty-six years ago, so that for four years more there will be that spot on that one acre of ground on the American continent from which prayer and praise cannot go up to God on the Lord's Day. There is a certain humor in this restriction which would have amused Saint Paul.

I want also to have a central office where the Christian Church shall do its business, exactly as the United States has a central office of Boston in Post-Office Square, where it attends to the carriage of mails. When I have a letter for Tyngsboro, I do not have to hunt up a Tyngsboro agent who will carry my letter there. I go to the post-office, and put it into the post-office, and they attend to it there. If I am a shipmaster bringing over a family, of which the father dies on the passage, I do not want, when I arrive in Boston, to hunt up a "society for the provision of the widow whose husband has died on the November passage from England." I want to go to the office of the Christian Church. What I propose is that the twenty-five Unitarian churches of Greater Boston shall establish such an office.

The Lord Jesus, when He was in Palestine, proposed some such arrangement; but He says that one of the people whom He invited to join in the entertainment said he had married a wife, and he could not come. Another of them had bought a yoke of oxen; and, therefore, he could not come. What I observe is this, that, when this particular widow, of whom I have spoken, sends up to St. George Society, the St. George Society says that she was born in Norway, and

that they cannot attend to her. When she sends to the Scandinavian Society, it probably proves that their hours are between quarter past eleven on Wednesday and quarter before twelve. When she sends to me, as she has a right to, at 39 Highland Street, she finds that I have gone to Buffalo. When she sends to the head of the city charities, he asks her whether her husband has paid taxes for five years out of ten years in the city of Boston. If she sends to my excellent friend, Archbishop Williams, he says that she was not baptized in the Roman Catholic Church and has not been to confession for twenty-one years,—or, as it simply said in an old book a good deal used when I was a boy, "They all with one accord began to make excuses." What I am trying to establish is an office where they shall not make excuses, where I shall not be told that any child of God ought to have been born in some place where she was not born, or ought to be sixty-three years old when she is only forty-five.

At this moment we have on our list here a widow who is more than the necessary age; that is, she is more than sixty-five years old. Her two husbands have both been Americans. She was born in Boston. Her father was born in Boston, and he worked on the frigate Constitu-

tion. Her sixty-four ancestors in Winthrop's time were all, so far as anybody can show, residents of Boston. Between them and her are nine generations, making, as I calculate, two hundred and eighty-eight ancestors of hers who, for all anybody can say, were all born in Boston. And she cannot receive her coal from the Ashton Widows' Coal Fund because her tenement is on the wrong side of the dividing line in Charlestown, which separates the sheep from the goats; that is, which separates the Charlestown widow, who can receive Ashton Fund Coal, from the Somerville widow, who cannot receive Ashton Fund coal. It is so desirable to have packed in within the limits of that old Boston peninsula all the widows and orphans whom we can that we encourage them by a bounty to move this side of our somewhat crowded lines!

"EVERYMAN."

THE performance of a miracle play by an English company in our different cities suggests a great deal to those interested in religious education. The performance is dignified, serious and fits the real purpose of those leaders of the people who contrived such performances in the "dark ages."

Like the recent revivals of Ben Jonson, for instance, the miracle play of "Everyman" might now be studied to advantage by one who was only a virtuoso or dilletante, to learn how they did things five centuries ago. But I doubt if any person who attends with that poor virtuoso notion does not come away with the serious question whether the play cannot teach us all that is good for us, and whether it cannot show us how we can teach those who are in our charge. The attendants at these performances are better men and better women for attending.

The programme of "Everyman" gives a good idea of the plan of the play. But it is hard to give one who has not seen it an idea of the seriousness, often the delicacy, with which the simple lessons are unfolded.

Everyman is surprised in the heyday of life by the discovery that he has a Pilgrim's Progress before him, and at the end of it he must die and give some sort of account of his life. He summons various companions and advisers to assist him and go with him. Some of them fail, some of them help him. At last, in the robe of contrition, under the guidance of Wisdom and Good Works, he dies. He descends into the grave; and the chorus, re-enforced by an angel, tells you that he is welcomed into heaven.

Well, between the year 1400 and the year 1903 this has been said substantially in books and from the pulpit ten million times by ten million teachers. These miracle play people succeeded in representing it in an hour and a half to the people who saw their play, so that they saw it and never forgot it. It was a case of "seeing, they shall see," as the Saviour said of His parables. In this admirable representation "Everyman" is admirably and most seriously represented. Any criticism would be trivial which should occupy itself in improvement of detail, as if one should suggest improvement in the literary style of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

It is interesting to see that, while the very title of the play shows that "every man" has one and the same duty, the Catholic Church, so long as it was Catholic, taught that "every man" was received on his contrition and penitence into the joys of heaven. The Catholic Church then, at least, was Universalist.

It is hardly possible to witness the play, so well represented by this company, without observing that any play, outside of mere farce or burlesque, every play that is good for anything, is occupied with just the conditions, trials, failures, and successes of every man as he deals with kindred or riches or knowledge. The idea—

almost ludicrous—of a play or a book which has no object, except to be a play or a book, wholly disappears.

Whether young people in their passion for "dramatics"—a very natural and worthy passion—cannot be set on some play which shall carry with it lessons as vividly portrayed as these, that is a question which suggests itself even to the most rationalistic of Protestants.

In the "secondly" of a well-contrived discourse next Sunday the decorous preacher will say: "If this were the proper place, I would illustrate what I say by giving in some detail the experience of a young sailor whom I met last week. I must reserve his interesting narrative for some other occasion. But, briefly stated, I may with propriety say here that in the wild excitement of shipwreck his personality fused itself into individuality, and, by the assertion of his subconsciousness, or, possibly, of some aspiration or newer reflection deeper and larger than subconsciousness, he entered into a condition," etc.; the reader knows it all too well.

If by good luck this preacher should go and see the visible presentation of moral truth in "Everyman," he will omit this metaphysical passage when he carries the sermon to the church in New Norumbega, and will tell the story of the

shipwrecked sailor boy. "Therefore, speak I to them in parables."

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

UNDER the suggestion of some of the leaders of opinion in Chicago, a commission has been formed to call a convention which will be held next February or March in that city. The object of this convention is nothing less than improving the religious and moral education of the American people. It seems to be frankly recognized that the average Sunday-school of the country does not do as much as it might do in the way of moral and religious education.

There is also, I think, a feeling that as the community generally lays aside Sunday with the express wish that the life of men may be enlarged and made more spiritual, more religious, and more moral, methods might be found of using Sunday to more advantage. Anyway, the meeting of the convention is now assured, and it is certain that it will bring together many of the most thoughtful men and women of the country and many of its best educators.

The question, then, of the best use of Sunday is an open question which ought to engage the

attention of conscientious people and of the newspapers and the magazines. Here are fifteen hours of life taken out from the pressure of daily cares so that the people of this country may be better men and women, better fitted for the duties of life and good citizenship. If Sunday does not do this, all our Sunday laws in every State should be modified—perhaps should be swept away altogether. What can we do about it? That is an open question, an open question of more importance than ever before.

I should like to start a symposium of my own in which I could get the real opinions of one hundred sensible ministers, men who employ many young people, women who are mothers of hundreds of children. I should like to ask them whether in the hour or two now given to work in Sunday-schools other arrangements could not be made for more life which one could fairly call divine life than on the average are made now. And if I had a hundred such people sitting down around me and we had passed that time when people are afraid of each other and are really willing to talk, I should suggest this thing to one or two hundred thousand of such persons.

1. The study of natural history on Sunday is a study which might be pressed much farther than it is now pressed. I think the most suc-

cessful class for all results of which I have ever had any experience, was a summer class of street boys who came to our church at ten o'clock on Sunday through the summer. They read their Bible lesson, they sang a hymn, and then their teacher took them out into the pleasant wooded country, which we can now reach very near to Boston. They took their lunch with them. The teacher was a spirited fellow, now an efficient preacher of the Gospel. He gained a close intimacy with those boys, he was able to show them how God is at work in the world now, and they went to their morning work, for they were boys who had to work through the summer—better boys the next morning because he had taken them into this communion with God.

I should say that one of the most successful classes which ever met in our own church was a class sustained for two or three winters by Professor Amadeus Grabau. He talked familiarly and easily with the men and women who met together, on such subjects as these, "How God Made New England," and the kindred subjects which relate themselves to this. I know that he implanted in the minds and hearts of these people intelligent notions with regard to the study of nature which guided them in after life, and to this day I receive the thanks of the

members of that class to be communicated to their teacher.

2. In the Non-Conformist Sunday-schools of England, before the more recent enlargement of public education in England, they did not hesitate to use Sunday for teaching the children who came together, or the men and women who came together, anything which would be of use to them. They taught them to spell, they taught them to read, they taught them how many pecks there were in a bushel, and how many quarts in a gallon; they taught them Latin if they wanted to learn it, or they taught them Greek. It seems to me that any church is well engaged which will make such arrangements for Sunday as shall guide intelligent boys and girls, or intelligent young men and women in this way. You need not mix it up with any pretence. You need not say that they are learning to read the Testament in Greek because they are learning Greek. They are learning Greek because they want to and because the good God gives them the desire to enlarge their lives on every side. Or suppose they are learning the history of America, or suppose they are learning the history of the world, is there any law, divine or human, which should say that they shall not learn this on Sunday as well as on Monday or Tuesday? And if the

teacher is willing to consecrate the hours of Sunday in this way, any church ought to be willing to encourage that teacher.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY.

AS I understand it, on the 10th of February there will meet a congress of educators at Chicago, to consider the great questions connected with public education in its relations to morals and religion.

If the congress carries forward the best suggestions of the committee which has called it, it will not omit a very real and important step, worthy of the century and of the country.

The National Bill of Rights, as the early articles of amendment to the Constitution have been called, may be called "The Bill of Rights of the Nation." The First Amendment provides that Congress shall pass no laws regulating Religion in the several States.

Rightly or not, this provision has been interpreted as meaning that no State shall pass such laws, although it does not make any such statement. Certainly there is a general repugnance to legislation which shall give any advantage to Jew over Gentile, to Christian over Jew, or to Mormon over agnostic, in the discipline of the

public schools. We certainly have no objection to this repugnance. The humblest citizen has that equality with the most honored before the law—that the law must not dictate to him his religious observances. They are matters between him and God.

But, all the same, the State may and must see that the humblest child of the humblest citizen shall have sufficient and real training in morals. Obedience to law is the very beginning in a republic, and the State must see to it that the child grows up in homage to right and in hatred to wrong. Right and wrong, justice and injustice are not to be shoved off into a bin with cinders and ashes. They are not to be reserved for "optional," or "elective," or "voluntary" classes. Duty is to be the centre of public education.

It would be quite possible to arrange in any town that the supervisors of public education and the superintendents of the Sunday-schools or Sabbath schools should meet regularly once a month and determine mutually on arrangements by which each system should help the other. "Our first class in the High School will have the history of America in the next three months." "Is it so? We will have a class of all your High School pupils who are in our Sabbath school, and we will appoint the most competent man in

our church to follow the history of the country with that class, in special reference to the place which religious observance and the will of God have had in that history."

Or it may be that the school supervisors say: "Our natural history class teaches botany this month." And the superintendent says: "I will have every Sunday at church a teacher who shall make the study alive with its suggestion and instruction as to the life of God and work in His harvest fields."

And so of half the studies of the schoolroom. Every week-day study, indeed—except the humblest mechanism of the multiplication table or of the spelling book—may be made alive by the suggestions which the Sunday-school teacher can give, and which the Sunday-school journals may and ought to be giving, side by side with what is called the public system.

No men and women in the country ask for this co-operation between the divine realities and the human necessities as largely as the best professional teachers.

It is quite time that the terror of friction or difficulty between them and the organized institutions of religion should be utterly swept away.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

MINISTERS and directors of Sunday-schools should understand that application for seats in the convention at Chicago must be made in advance. It is certain that the attendance will be very large, and it must be limited to persons who are practically interested in the subject. A letter from any clergyman or any official representative of a Sunday-school, if received early enough, will secure admission to the convention. Such a letter should be written at once, and addressed to Dr. C. W. Votaw at the University of Chicago.

To my own mind the duty for which the Council of Seventy are attempting to preside will be best fulfilled if something can be done to bring the Sunday-school organizations into closer connection with the public school system.

This has been attempted once and again in this country, and to a larger extent in Great Britain and the continent of Europe, by efforts by which the different religious organizations shall send to the day schools, at certain hours, officially appointed persons who may instruct the children on subjects supposed to be especially religious. I remember Mr. Barrows gave

some valuable accounts of the working of this system in the State of New York when it was provided for by law. It is perhaps enough to say that it has never worked for any long time in America.

In place of an elaborate system like this, it still seems possible to make an advance on our customs of to-day which are not regulated by any system.

1. Could not the superintendents or supervisors of education, in any place where there are such officers, keep themselves in communication with the leaders of the Sunday-schools as well as with the head masters of the public schools? This need not be done by any statute, but by common consent. Would it not be possible for such public officers to notify the chiefs of the Sunday-schools in some detail of what they are doing? Suppose they said, "Such and such a class is to be engaged for the next six months on the history of the United States. We cannot put too much force on it. We are going to do thus and thus. Can you not appoint a competent person who shall unite in one class boys and girls who will be studying such a text-book, and cannot you enlarge that study and prepare for it by what belongs to the history of the United States in your special point of view?

We want to teach that right is right, and that it is better than wrong. We want to show that good conquers evil; we want to show that God rules in this world, and the devil does not. You can command the services of some man or some woman who can on Sundays give such suggestions to boys and girls as they study the poor little compressed text-book which we call the History of the United States, so that they shall be interested in the study of history from its larger side."

2. Take it from the other point of view—from the view of the Sunday-school. Would not the life and spirit of a Sunday-school be materially enlarged if the minister and superintendent, knowing that in the high school the teachers had arranged for a course in botany or in geology, should select some gentleman or lady competent for the matter, who would watch what the high school was doing and who would take the oversight of that study? Are there not distinctly religious lessons which can be gained by the study of vegetation or the crystallization of snow or the flying of birds, or the habits of insects and fishes and beasts, such as would create a new interest for every day of the week in the boys and girls who had been well led on Sunday in taking a large view of what the schools

call natural history, or "science"? I have seen the study of botany so conducted in public schools that you would say it would make children hate all subjects connected with the growth of plants till they died. On the other hand, I have known that study so woven with the study of almost everything which is important in time and eternity that the young student could not walk five rods in summer without new gratitude to the Lord of life. In my own notion of a good Sunday-school there is always involved the thought of two or three of the most spirited and spiritual members of the church as engaged in giving such suggestions to the boys and girls.

3. What has been said of history and of natural science may be said of social order—the social order of our own time. The older classes of boys and girls in Sunday-schools ought to be taught something of temperance and intemperance, of crime and punishment, of poverty and pauperism, of the emigration and the relation of races to each other. Exactly the same thing may be said of the older classes in the public schools. It is impossible to say that such subjects belong more to Sunday or to Monday; they belong to every day in the week. Every American citizen, man or woman, ought to know what are the fundamental principles which govern

every official of the town or the national legislation in such affairs. If this is so, the superintendents of the Sunday-schools and the superintendents of the public schools may very well come into close accord in the arrangements which are made, whether by the school committee or by the directors of the church, in harmonizing the work which is done in the Sunday-school or by the public authorities.

As things go, I see and read of many clubs and conventions of Sunday-school teachers. I see and read of many clubs and conventions of public school teachers. I am yet to hear of the first meeting of ten persons or ten thousand persons who have conferred, as this Chicago convention is to confer, on the harmonizing of different forms of work carried on by all these people.

I have not yet read through the proceedings of the great teachers' convention of the country, which was held in the city of Detroit; but I have read enough to know that not one hundredth part of the time spent in that great assembly was devoted to any consideration of the moral education of the children, nearly twenty million in number, for whose benefit the convention was held. Athletics, drawing, music, Latin, Greek, political economy, and everything

else which the cyclopædia teaches about were represented, but not one per cent. of the hours given to the difference between good men and bad men, between good boys and bad boys. This was not because the assembly was not an assembly of good men or good women. If any one of them had asked me to dinner, we should probably have spent our whole time on the matter which was thus left on one side by the managers of the convention. And this leads me to believe that the Chicago convention of next month can really do something efficient in combining the efforts, more than princely, which the people of America chose to make for the education of the children.

RIGHT OR WRONG.

THE convention of teachers at Chicago has discussed in a very satisfactory way the question of morals in the public schools. It is not by a mere coincidence that the important questions connected together in this discussion are at the same time under discussion in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons. On the whole, we have escaped in America, particularly in recent years, the most difficult questions regarding the relation of the public schools with the ecclesiasti-

cal boards. In England they are still in the midst of such discussions. But all the same, the first duty of the teacher, or of a board of school instructors, is to see that the schools make better men and women, so that every question of moral education is always in order and always will be in order till the end of time.

The connection between moral observances and religious institutions is so close that when our constitutions, whether of the State or the nation, distinctly forbade any elevation of one religious communion above another, that prohibition, of course, interests profoundly the professed teachers of religion, and they are nervous and eager lest the supreme rights which religion claims and ought to claim shall be disowned.

The best rule in any community is to leave much in such matters to the discretion of the teacher. The local board of education will of course instruct the teacher, who will profit by their knowledge of the circumstances. But there is no reason whatever why you should trust a teacher in every several detail of education and not trust her in the central matter from which every detail springs, and by which every detail is regulated. If you give an intelligent woman discretion as to whether she shall read one poem of Milton's or another, and whether

she shall read one speech in Hamlet or another, you ought to trust her so far as to judge whether she should read aloud a psalm of David or a speech of Saint Paul or a parable by the Saviour of man. If by misfortune the children think the teacher is a fool, the teacher will do them no good at all. If, on the other hand, you employ a teacher who is not a fool, you must give a free rein to that teacher in carrying out her daily work. If she appears to be such a fool as to disobey the Constitution of the United States, or the law of the State, all you have to do is to dismiss her and engage some other teacher who will have at once more discretion and more good will. In this matter I write with some feeling, because in Massachusetts this is substantially the rule we have to adopt. It would be perfectly within the power of a young teacher of Hebrew education to insist on making her Scripture reading in the school exercises wholly from the Old Testament. She might do this, or might not do it, according to the wish of the parents with whom a good teacher is sure to be intimate. And even a Boston town meeting would find itself too busy to examine the question whether the ninetieth Psalm or the fifth chapter of Matthew was a proper lesson to be read at the opening of the school.

DUTY—MEN WHO SUCCEED.

A NEAR friend of mine makes brick, and he makes very good brick. His company has a reputation. Like most men placed as he is placed, he has lots of young fellows who think they would like to be in his office. They would say they should like to be "on his staff," if they knew enough.

They see very good fellows, whom perhaps they know, coming in and out—fellows who are paid regularly every Monday morning and who are able to go sometimes to the theatre at night —and so they think they would like to be in the Norumbega Brick Company.

That is not its real name, but it will do for now. I suppose my friend has ten such young fellows who come to him to know if he can employ them. And they all of them have recommendations from the high school or some college, perhaps, and they can write a good hand, and so on and so on.

Well, he is a good-natured fellow, and he has a particular time of day to talk to them; and when they come round he is civil and examines the letters and writes down the references, and then, when the man thinks the necessary examination is over, my friend says to him: "Are

you coming into this office because you want to earn ten dollars a week, or are you coming here because you want to know how to make the best brick that is made in this world, and because you want this company to succeed?"

And he tells me that he thinks he never makes a mistake—he tells me that he thinks that in the mere look of the boy's face he can tell whether he wants to help the world forward by making the best brick in the world, or whether he wants a soft thing which shall pay him ten dollars a week in an employment where he can wear a boiled shirt and keep his hands clean.

Sir John Lubbock, who is one of the wisest men in the world, said in an address he made at Glasgow a few years ago that the difference between a German clerk in an English banking house and an English clerk of the same age could be easily described.

And then he described it, making the same observation which my friend the brickmaker has made on this side the water. He said that if you take a German clerk into your banking house in London, you have a man who is interested in your business, who follows it out in its details, and who at the end of a year understands what the banking house is for, and what are its relations with all parts of the world.

He says, for instance, that a German clerk will know the inner history of a bill of exchange, what it stands for, whether it is drawn against butter, or drawn against lumber, or drawn against coal. He will know where the coal or the butter or the lumber came from, and where it is going; and he will know why that bill of exchange, which may be a bill of exchange on Morocco or Ispahan, came into existence.

Sir John Lubbock says, on the other hand, that the average English clerk cares nothing about this curious history. He says that the clerk writes his name in the proper place, that he puts on the stamp in the proper place, that the bill of exchange is all right, but that when the young man goes home that afternoon he goes home to play cricket or to take his sweetheart to the theatre, and forgets everything that he has been doing if he can, and that he does not care in the least to prepare himself for his work the next day.

Here is the difference between two sorts of men: One is thinking simply of his own pretty self—I by myself, I. What shall I drink? What shall I do? How shall I be clothed? and practically he thinks of nothing else. The other man is thinking of the best interests of the world in which he lives.

Shall the world in 1920 have better brick than it has to-day? Shall the people in the Mohawk Valley who make the butter be better paid for their butter, and shall it go further and further? Shall the people of this town, or of this county, or of this city, be more awake to the privileges of American citizens than they are now?

The old theologians would have said that the first set are looking toward hell and are walking into hell as hard as they can go, and that the other set is looking toward heaven and walking into heaven as fast as they can go.

We are not apt to use such phrases now, but they express sufficiently well the difference between two sorts of men, and, I might add, two sorts of women.

THE FIVE GREAT DUTIES

OF THE

TWENTIETH CENTURY

Appendix

THE papers in this volume were written from day to day, to scan the purpose of each day.

They are strictly "ephemeral," that is, and were meant to be.

They take it for granted that the reader is an American citizen, living in the great republic of America, and sharing in the duties and the privileges of that position.

At the same time, it is true that millions of people in this country were born under feudal institutions wholly different from those of America. Many of them were educated under those institutions. It follows that some of them do not understand the very language of the United States. They use the words "government," "president," "administration," without knowing what these words mean in America, to Americans.

I once heard the Rev. William Henry Furness say that he had never read any author who was educated under feudal institutions who understood what Jesus Christ meant when He spoke

of the "Kingdom of Heaven." Such a person cannot understand what we Americans mean when we speak of the Christian Commonwealth.

It is, however, impossible, of course, to stop day by day to define terms, or to enlighten ignorance on such fundamental points, in the restricted limits of a "leader." "Some things must be taken for granted" in such articles.

But, in collecting such papers, I wish to print at the same time two addresses, prepared for different college Commencements, which do go into a definition of terms, and into an explanation of the very simple principles on which the American constitutions are formed. I venture to ask the special attention to these papers of gentlemen and ladies who write for the press, who have learned the language of England, of France, of Germany, of Russia, of Italy, or of Spain, before they learned the political language of America. I print two addresses which discuss fundamentally several subjects which are referred to in the fifty "leaders." One of them is on the five great duties before all the world at this time. Another, delivered before the students of Smith Colllege in 1902, defines the relations of the educated citizen to his associates in the republic.

There are also one or two allusions among

these "leaders" to a comprehensive plan of old-age insurance. That properly cannot be discussed in the short compass of a daily leading article, and with the kind permission of Dr. Walker we print here at length an article by myself on this subject written for *The Cosmopolitan* at the same time that the other papers were published.

THE FIVE DUTIES.*

COMMENCEMENT DAY! A perfect name. Better far than any of the kindred names. Better than Inauguration. Better than Ordination. Better than Commemoration. Simply, it is the commencement of life for young men and young women whose self-directed lives begin to-day. Let us hope, also, that it is a day of renewal of life to all their friends who sympathize in their hopes and join in their enthusiasm.

This old century has done good work for mankind in destroying, root and branch, the old habits of any selfish forelook on such occasions. That accursed introspection demanded by the old theologians is done with forever. And all

*An address delivered at Columbus, Ohio, at the Commencement of the University.

the narrow individual inquiry about "I" and "me" and "mine" is forgotten and trodden under foot. For the world really believes now what the fathers only pretended to believe: that every man must bear his brother's burden; that he who is greatest among us is a servant of all, and that we live "each for all, and all for each." There is good chance now for forelook in the five hundred colleges which, in these pleasant summer Wednesdays, are making prophecies for this "brave new century which hath such marvels in it." It will be hard if he who collects them all and reads them all do not come out upon some notion of a social order more vigorous than the world has tried, and with hopes for new advance which are real and not shadowy.

It is true enough, if you choose to say so, that the visions of old Commencement Days have often been vague and transitory, as a camera picture thrown upon a cloud. But in this year and in these years before us, we have a right to expect marching directions more positive, because the world knows what it wants better than ever. We have a right to expect triumphs more marvellous than ever, because he who leads and those who are led have now such gigantic forces at command.

I say "gigantic forces," forces of giants. I

am assured on high authority that the men in an American city to-day control a thousand times as much power as their grandfathers or their great-grandfathers controlled in the year 1801. For one instance, the great engineer, Mr. George Morison, told me not long ago that a single first-class steamship in her six days' voyage from the city of New York to the city of Liverpool creates and uses more force than the Pharaoh Cheops had at his command for building the great pyramid. On the average, each of these men is practically a thousand times as strong as he would have been a hundred years ago. In the year 1800 there were five steam engines in the United States. To-day there are hundreds within five miles of me as I speak, each of which creates more power than did all those five.

On higher authority yet—on the highest authority—I can say that these legions of giants will be swayed by the moral forces. The victories of the twentieth century are to be moral victories. The nineteenth century has taught men what they mean when they say "God is," "God is here," "God is now." Men know what they mean when they say: "The kingdom of God is at hand." Philosophy, poetry and science have vied with each other in proclaiming the immanent presence of God: that God is on our side;

that He works with us, and we with Him. We share His omnipotence when we choose, as we share His eternity. For man knows now (what he said he knew before) that he is a child of God, who can enter into His harvest-field and can work with Him. When half the people of the world cry out in their daily prayer, "Give us our daily bread," God bids His children answer the prayer. His child ploughs the prairie, and God sends the sunshine. God melts the snow on the mountains and His child distributes it in fit channels through the arid plains. They work together, and together they lay the rails and build the engine. Together they lay the keel of the steamship; together they drive her across the seas. Humbly and proudly the child repeats his elder brother's word: "My Father worketh and I work." And as some poor old widow in the Grampians thanks God to-night for the bread which a farmer's boy in Dakota has sent to her, the Infinite Father of the widow and boy is well pleased. Faith, Hope, and Love—the three infinite attributes which man, the child, inherits from God the Father—these have wrought the victory of omnipotence. The promises of infinite love are fulfilled.

Now, what are you going to do about it?

That is the question of Commencement Day. I have a right to say, it is the only question.

All these young men and women, with diplomas which say that they have attained here in Columbus the best education their country knows how to give! They know they are children of God as well. They can be partakers, if they will, of the divine nature. They sway the moral forces. They can borrow omnipotence, because they are God's children. What shall they do?

I believe there are five central visible duties before the century.

How I wish that the men and women I address would select from the five—yes, before this day is done—each of them, the special duty of these threescore years opening before them all!

Of the five hundred colleges of America, how I wish that each young American who graduates this year would make the like grand decision!

How good a thing it would be if at Harvard, at Yale, at Columbia, and Princeton in the East; if here in the centre of the empire, at this university, at Ann Arbor, at Madison, at Minneapolis, and at St. Louis; if far on the Pacific slope at the Pacific University in Salem, at Berkeley University, at the Leland Stanford University, the thousands of young men and young women who

are to graduate this summer would tell us this year what is their high determination; and if at the smaller colleges, at Berea, at Oberlin, at the college at Liberty Four Corners, at the college at Cranford Centre, at whatever institution of learning they are permitted to send men and women forth, with the privilege *publice praelegendi,* or *publice profitendi;* if in five hundred colleges of this land, twenty thousand young men and women all pledged themselves to one or another of the five great duties now before the world. I could wish that at each of the five hundred colleges some chamberlain, some master of ceremonies, were ready with five sets of badges which should distinguish these decisions. If we had here upon the stage badges of white, badges of blue, badges of gold, badges of crimson, badges of purple, the wearing of which should to-morrow distinguish those who had to-day chosen each one duty as a special duty, from those who had chosen another! Perhaps some gracious lady connected with the government of Ohio, connected with the Cabinet at Washington, perhaps the wife of a president, or the daughter of a governor, would herself pin the badge upon the breast of the young aspirant. How good a thing it would be to-morrow if as one went across half a continent in the train,

among the thirty or forty young men or young women whom he would see around him at every station or in every car, he could tell which duty of the five this young man had chosen, which duty this charming woman had chosen, that it should be their life work; as Saint Mark said he would carry the Gospel to Egypt, as Saint Andrew said he would carry the Gospel to Parthia, as Saint Thomas said he would carry the Gospel to India,—if we here had given last year to high thought and study as to the want of the twentieth century, and in the ceremony of to-day, in noble rivalry, we presented ourselves as belonging to this legion or that of God's great army.

"I am for the engineers, I am for the infantry, I am for the artillery, I am for the cavalry, or I am for the pioneers."

Whether we have a badge or not, whether we divide the ribbons or no, it is for all of you when you "commence" to make the great decision.

What, then, are the five largest enterprises for the century? I mean, what are the visible enterprises in which the whole world is engaged? What can we do to answer the Saviour's prayer "That they all may be one?"

I take it for granted that every one who hears me wishes to extend over the world these glad

tidings: "I am a child of God. I am glad of it, and I mean that the rest of the world shall know that they are His children." If there is anybody here who is interested only in himself, "What is good for me?" "What can I save?" he had better take his hat now and leave our festivities. Let him pursue those studies of A by himself A; Me by myself Me; I by myself I, on the loneliest desert which is left between New Mexico and Arizona. He who stays is here for another motive: "All for each, and each for all." We have prayed God this morning that His kingdom may come; that His will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. And this prayer was not a matter of the tongue; it is a matter of life. We are partners with him in that business. Because this is so, his world must be one. Paul says it is of one blood. We say it is to be one world.

If we are all to be one, we must know each other; we must be able to put ourselves, every man in the other fellow's place; we must bear each other's burdens.

Paraguay must not say to Canada, "I have no need of thee." Nor again must Cape Colony say to Sweden, "I have no need of thee." The world's life is to be a common life. Races and nations must come to look each other in the face.

And we cannot say this now. There are brave exceptions; but, all in all, on the whole, nations do not look each other in the face. It would be even fair to say that great races turn their backs upon each other. I could ride to-day in our own country three hundred miles through the richest land in the world, where I should not see twenty people all told in ten hours. And yet I return to Boston to take the oversight there, as a working minister, of many a street where a thousand people are living on one acre of land.

Although we have made a real advance in the last hundred years, our present system is still antiquated and semi-barbarous. One would like to know now, how Hengist and Horsa took their Saxons across from the mouth of the Elbe to England. One would like to know how the "Mayflower" was fitted for the voyage, and how the hundred and one passengers of eternal fame were packed away in her berths and state-rooms. Every year five hundred thousand men, women, and children are brought across the Atlantic from Europe to America. And one asks why do they cross the ocean to come to America? Half Asia is vacant, and there is the magnificent country unimproved between the Ural Mountains and the Pacific. Why is it that Russian peasants, to be counted in tens of thou-

sands, are working their way westward to the United States?

With the well-nigh perfect opportunities which nature gives to the work of men on the waters of the Paraguay and the Uruguay and the La Plata, why is it that no Abraham plants his tent there? Or, take our own domain; why is it that, as I said, in the southern wards of Boston, or of New York, so many people are crowded together on an acre, while within five hundred miles of the great Mississippi you may ride for an hour without seeing the smoke of a chimney or a stack of hay, in the most fertile regions of God's earth?

It is because we have thus far confined our triumphs in the union of climates and of nations to a few sections of the world, and have left the rest outside in the cold. What Europe needs, cursed as she is by the remnants of feudalism, is an open passage for her people to regions where every man shall hold his farm in fee-simple, and where freedom shall breed the sort of men and women whom freedom always raises. And, therefore, one solution of our immediate problem will come when the crowded hordes of northern Chinamen, who are at this moment starving because they are crowded, shall have easy access to those fertile, wheat-raising regions

which are now empty in Asiatic Russia. Those regions are worthless now, as all land is worthless where there are no men.

To open this statement a little more into detail, the three great physical enterprises of the next quarter century are to be: One railway line, at least, from St. Petersburg eastward to the Pacific, equipped for the cheapest and best travel. At once, to speak of our present facilities, these lines should be of four tracks of the heaviest metal, provided with convenient trains for the transportation of men and women who are moving to their new homes,—of their cattle and "stuff," as the Bible says.

With all the facilities for commercial interchange, the hordes of Europe must retrace the steps of Tamerlane and Attila, and the march of empire must face eastward. The same thing is to be said of the railway lines from Cairo to the Cape, and probably from Tunis and Tripoli to the Cape, that the men and women of the tribes of Central Africa may know what the rest of the world is and what it is doing. Then these miserable, bitter feuds which are disgracing England and the world to-day in the South African colonies shall be overruled by the larger civilization of the united world. And these two are simple analogies or prototypes of what

America needs, and will have, in that great line of railway which is to run from Quebec at least to the northern limit of Patagonia. Probably within the life of those who are now hearing me, its engines will be even farther south. They will be snorting on the bluffs above the straits of Magellan, and the passengers will be looking across those straits to the land of fire.

These are the three physical enterprises for the world, for all mankind. Now, for our own country, there is the great necessity, which is indeed the test of whether we be a Christian people or no. Can the United States so outlive the bitter prejudices of barbarism as to overrule, as to overawe, the hatred of race against race? Can the dominant white race of the United States of America lift up and renew and strengthen the subject race, the vassal race of negroes?

Can it find out what the diplomatists call the *modus vivendi* for the little handful of the red race, the men whom it found scattered about, all but lost in these forests and valleys, when we came here? And can it interpret the Gospel of God so as to know how to deal with those millions upon millions of the Asiatic races who look across the Pacific eastward, who came across the Pacific eastward a thousand years ago, and which have scratched the surface of the inhab-

ited continent? White men, black men, red men and yellow men—will the twentieth century know how here between the Atlantic and the Pacific these four races shall live and move and have their being in one nation?

And to begin with, how shall we bridge the gulf of fire, how shall we bring the superior white race and the black race, still our inferior, into accord? I do not say how shall their voices rise in unison, but I do say how shall their lives unite in harmony?

This for young America is one of the great problems. Does young America ask how young America shall use its power? For what end shall it borrow from God His omnipotence?

I need not say more of the infinite moral power with which you and I are to attach these duties. The nineteenth century has taught the world its lesson: the lesson that every man might have learned in the first century. You and I are children of God, and we know we are. We share His nature when we choose His infinite power, and we know that. We can proclaim these glad tidings; the century has taught us that. If we choose! And for such omnipotence as He lends us we have such work at our hands—work which may be finished while men and women live to whom I am speaking. If the young men and

young women choose, who enter upon life in this blessed 1901, those feuds of race will be at an end which frighten godless men to-day. With one mission and for one great end—no less than the reign of God upon the earth—the strong races and the weak races of America will live and move and have their being as one.

Our Anglo-Saxon blood will assert itself in the life of a united people, in its passion for freedom and its devotion to law. The Celtic and Latin races will instil into the whole nation their quickness of perception, their subtleties of thought, the old Roman secret of victory, and the old Greek love of beauty. The African race, as thousands of years have proved, has its special contributions to the harmony of the whole in tenderness, in affection, in arts of expression which the whole requires. And if what are left of the red men can teach the toil-worn Saxon that the most elegant mansion is a prison compared with the blue arch of the temple of God, why, he will teach him something which the poor Saxon sadly needs to-day.

In such work, the first steps are already taken in the schools at Manassas, at Calhoun, at Snow Hill, and fifty other such places, and on a larger scale at your own Xenia, at Fisk University, at Atlanta, at Tulane, and, most distinguished

of all, at Tuskegee and at Hampton. As one visits these schools, as one talks with the prophet pioneers who carry them on, he shares the pilgrim life of Bradford and Brewster. He understands the thrill in the veins of Martin and of Judson. He goes into the wilderness as St. Bernard went with the twelve apostles who made modern Europe. Had not Bernard and his men created Clairvaux, in the Valley of Wormwood, France would not be France to-day, nor England England, nor America America. We should not be here, but that such Christian fanatics gave themselves to the work of civilizing western Europe.

It is with such enthusiasm, with such devotion to the establishment of the kingdom of God among all the races of America, that those of you will pledge yourselves who consecrate your lives to the duty, infinite in all its relations, which I have described.

Here are four of the great duties from which young America selects, each woman her own, each man his own. First, there are the three physical necessities, which shall relieve the crowded wildernesses, and carry their people to the fertile deserts. Then, for us young Americans there is the great enterprise, moral, physical and spiritual, by which the great American races shall

live together in harmony. "That they may all be one, as thou, Father, with me, and I with thee, that they may all be perfected in one."

You have anticipated me in the immediate thought, that all this requires permanent peace among the nations of the world. This must be the great determination which includes and is necessary for the other four.

As the forty-five States of America make up the United States, because they submit their differences to one Supreme Court, so the fifty-one great nations of the world must submit their differences to one permanent tribunal. All our proposals for harmony of races, for international emigration, for international commerce, are vain if these fifty-one nations are to continue the follies which have lasted for sixteen hundred years, since the great peace of the early Christian centuries.

I do not think that the world chooses to remember, as it might, that from the time of Trajan for two hundred years all the world of which we know anything was at peace. "No war nor battle sound was heard the world around." I do not think the world chooses to remember that to that period of peace, in what men call the Roman Empire, we owe the civilization of today. I should not have this coat on my back,

I should not have this linen that is in my shirt, we should not have this bread which is upon our tables, but for the protracted peace of these reigns of Aurelius and the Antonines. It was then that the flax of Italy worked its way into the desert wastes of Britain, of Sweden, and of Gaul. It was then that the peach-trees of Persia seeded themselves in the gardens around Paris. It was then that the barbarian Celts and Teutons and Iberians heard the voice of the Gospel.

It was then that civilization, as we call civilization, was born. What those two centuries of peace then wrought for Europe, Asia, and northern Africa, this victory—multiplied a thousandfold—is to be the victory of the age of peace if the twentieth century chooses to take for itself that honor.

And so it is that the enterprise of enterprises which sums up all the other four is the duty and privilege before the young man and young woman of the world to-day, of bringing in the reign of peace among the nations. The armor of chivalry, whether offensive or defensive, has been sent back to the museums and the stage of the opera; and the armor of Greece and Rome, whether offensive or defensive, is also only matter of curious study of the past. Even the naval armor, whether offensive or defensive, of our

Civil War, is now matter of yesterday—studied only as a curiosity by your admirals and midshipmen. Just so in the new century must all this military machinery be laid by as a matter of past history. They say the people of Mars have been able to open magnificent watercourses which unite their Arctic with their Antarctic zones for the irrigation of their torrid deserts. They do this simply because in Mars they do not know what war is. There nation does not draw sword against nation. And so our civil engineers of to-day assure us that the burden with which Europe alone oppressed herself in the last year for ships and cannon and powder and shot and soldiers makes a treasure which will build the great railway lines of Europe, Africa, and America; it will complete them and equip them, and it will do the same thing again if it were necessary. The demand for bloodshed of one single year is more than enough to fulfil all the greatest requests of peace for a century.

There is no place in America where one says this with the pleasurable feeling with which I speak now, standing where I stand. It is impossible not to remember here who was the first Christian man who ever stood on American soil. When we speak of the Gospel of Glad Tidings, the Gospel of Peace, the Gospel of Jesus Christ,

planted as a seed from the Garden of Paradise, from which was to spring the tree which should overshadow this western continent, one remembers that October morning when the "Santa Maria—Saint Mary, "the Mother of Christ"—came to anchor and lowered a boat. With the first rays of the sun the stout oarsmen pulled her to the beach. From the bow there sprang to the new-blessed, happy land, Christopher, he who bears Christ, he who bears the Gospel. And standing here, one remembers that his other name was Columbus.

For me this memory is all twined in with another memory. I remember that three years ago, when the Emperor of Russia, the commander of the largest armies in the world, proposed permanent peace to the nations of the world, it was the city of Columbus, fitly named, which first publicly welcomed that dove of peace and recognized its message. One day in August, 1898, the minister of the First Congregational Church of Columbus read from his pulpit the peace manifesto of the Czar of Russia. At his motion, the First Congregational Church of Columbus sent to Emperor Nicholas its approval of his design, its sympathy with his motive, and promised co-operation in his effort. There is no nobler or finer incident in history. A Con-

gregational church is the best visible type of the purest democracy. And here it joins hands with him who is the accepted type of autocratic rule. It is said, I believe truly, that this expression of democratic sympathy was the first official response which the Emperor received to his proposal. You know that the church received at once from him the expression of his cordial gratification.

I know that this city had earned its honorable place on the page already as the capital of the Empire State. But I am so far a prophet that I venture to say that the poets and prophets of the future will name that August day as the central day in your celebrations. It is the day in which this city, true to democracy, looking far into the future, reading well the past, confirms its right to its great name. He who bears Christ in His arms, He who proclaims the gospel of glad tidings, He gives you His name. And for a motto this:

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL AMONG MEN."

THE EDUCATED CITIZEN.*

IT is Commencement Day. Well named! For you really begin on life the day of Commencement.

Do you remember the fine cartoon in *Punch*, where Bismarck, the pilot, passes down the ship's gangway to the sea, and the young Emperor, who is to take command, waves his hand of good-by to him?

You shake hands to-day with your Bismarcks here, and you take command, each woman of her own vessel,—not even a frigate yet, nor a launch, far less a ship of the line,—only a canoe, perhaps.

But "it is your own," as Touchstone says in the play.

You have passed your last examination. You have written your last thesis. Yes, young women, and the vacation which begins this afternoon is your last vacation. Once on the ocean of life there are no more vacations for conscientious men and women.

Up to this time there has been the contrast between what Oxford calls "Town and Gown."

*An address delivered at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

"There's some of them college girls." That has been your title, as you pass a group of newsboys or bootblacks in the street. And you know better than I do, what are the select phrases by which Smith College designates the denizens of the town. Let one hope that you do not speak of the people as cavalierly as Shakspere does, as if they were the dregs of the town described by Sallust.

In an old novel, forgotten before any of you were born, five seniors are talking together the day before Commencement, and Horace says to the other four:

> "We have had the best education our country can afford, and at the end of our four years we are smoking and laughing, with no more idea what we can do with the best education our country can afford than we had the first day we saw each other."

I am, naturally, the only person living who remembers these words, and that is because I wrote them. Now, I am fancying that some of you are in the condition of Horace of my story. From the fortunate position of a graduate of sixty-three years' standing I have the advantage that I look now upon the other side of the canvas. I am not going to give advice to any one. But I can bring together some observations which I have made in these two generations which you

ought to bear in mind, as you answer Horace's question.

What is the place in American life which those men and women ought to take who have had the best training America can give, as you have? Let me say in passing, that I hope you are all to live in America. Indeed, if there are any who do not, my word is not for them. They may leave the hall now, so far as I am concerned. I once asked a Middletown boy, in the Wesleyan University, what became of the student who was not in a Greek letter society. "Oh, God be with him!" was his prompt reply.

Reverently and gladly we will make the same prayer for those who are forced to live in any feudal nation. We who are more fortunate will consider what are the daily duties of well-educated men and women in America.

Do not make the mistake, then, which almost all foreigners make of supposing that you work in a nation of feudal classes. Dr. McCosh once came over to our Exeter, to our old academy there, and told those open-mouthed and wondering Yankee boys that the educated men of America are to be the "Aristocracy of America," a kind of House of Lords without coronets. Absolutely ignorant of America and what her "classes"—classes!—are. Every now and then

we see the same nonsense in a newspaper, always written by some imported pen, whose poor prattling has escaped the midnight blue pencil of the better informed night editor in charge. Such prattle only echoes the notion of all the European writers, who suppose that the great majority of people work only as oxen work, with their dead muscle and weight, and that only a little superior handful—well, "you know, like you and me, you know"—only we who bring mind or spirit to the control of matter. This notion, in America, is all wrong.

Let me say in passing that if we used the two words "labor" and "work" carefully, as the Bible uses them, we should greatly clear away all this nonsense. In good English "labor" always means what its Latin root means—that which wears away, that which fatigues. On the other hand, "work" means what its root means—the sway of spirit over dead matter. Only man and beast and things labor. God works. It would be irreverent to speak of God as a "laborer." It was only by a carelessness in translation that men were once spoken of as "fellow laborers with God." In the revised version of the New Testament we are "fellow workmen," as we should have been always.

"How is the engine going, Mr. Engineer?"

"She labors badly, sir," or "She works well." At death "men cease from their labors, and their works do follow them."

To use these accurate and convenient definitions, the unskilled people, the drudges, the "laborers," the groundlings of Shakspere's wit, make only a little more than three per cent of our population—less than eleven per cent of the active force of working America. Count in all the unintelligent hands on farms in New York and New England; count in street laborers, stevedores, sewer and gas pipe diggers; count in washerwomen and floor scrubbers, and you have not eleven per cent of the human forces. The other eighty-nine per cent are not drudges, they are not people who hire out their muscle. They are work men and work women. They use their minds. They use mind and soul to control matter. And when you hear some demagogue, ranting before an audience more intelligent than he is, say that he also is a "laboring man"—that he labors in his office for their good—you know that he does not know the language he is using. "Two men I honor," says Carlyle, in a famous passage, "and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman." Yes, it is the craftsman who leads modern life,—the man who applies mind to handle matter. And the craftsman is an "edu-

cated man" as much as you are. He is a child of God, as you are; at work with God, as you are; using the godly powers, as you do.

Remember, as you go about your life work after Commencement Day, that eighty-nine per cent of the men and women with whom you have to work are in this way your fellows, your mates, your comrades. You are all in one common enterprise—creating, as God creates, subduing the world, as God sent you to subdue it, each in his own place, "a fellow-workman with Him."

The first lesson of life, of course, one which need not be dwelt upon here and now, is that every one shall live in the open air all he can. Next to this and above all other rules is this great necessity of which I have been speaking that you keep up your comradeship with the other workmen; all for each, and each for all.

Apart from the moral and spiritual quickening which a man gains from this intercourse with such mankind, and which he cannot gain without it, the experience of the race proves that there are experiments which can only be tried by all the people, and results which the people only can attain. As dear Garfield, the good President, said, "All the people know more than any one of the people." This is due to what

the philosophers call the law of selection. A colony of the people land on Plymouth Rock. Year by year their legislatures meet. They try their experiments. Each man who has a plan proposes it—urges it. If it seems sensible, it is tried. How if it fails? Why! it fails and is forgotten. If it succeeds—ah, then! you count one on the great tally sheet. That little State gains one step, and, in the end, the world gains a step by the great experiment. Because you gave each man a chance to say what was in him, you made this step. Because you highly resolved that you would have no inglorious Miltons nor village Hampdens.

Wrong fails because it is wrong. The wrongs, the untruths, are inconsistent with each other. They clash against each other and confute each other. They neutralize each other and are lost. Only the truths are consistent; they arrange themselves in one system, and under that system the State moves forward as God would have it. Thus it is, that if you give time enough, and a fair opportunity to each and all, in the long run you have a right to say with reverence, and with the confidence bred of reverence, that "The voice of the people is the voice of God!"

This means that there is no success for any one if he try to live for himself and by himself.

He must live in the common life, or he dies. He must enjoy with the joy of others; he must sorrow in their sorrows. If he is a student, he must, so far as he can, study with them; and what he has acquired, he must, so far as he can, teach them. In all true literature and science, there are no secret medicines or private paths. Everything is really patent. *Noblesse oblige,* and what a man discovers, he *dis*-covers. He opens it for the universal good. All this was perfectly stated by St. Paul when he declared that we must bear each other's burdens, and, in that noble illustration of which he is so fond, declared with very passionate exclamation that while we are many members, we are but one body.

The class of scholars, or "clerks," as feudalism called them, has the knack—it is nothing more—of putting things. But unless men can observe, unless they can wring from Nature her secrets, unless they have something to tell,—how useless are their nominatives and their predicates, their subjúnctives and optatives. *Do not say anything unless you have something to say.* That is the great rule. And the gift and genius of America have been and are, that she shall so scatter the priceless gifts of such institutions as this, that all men shall be observers; and on the

other hand, that all the observers can express themselves. When the clerks and the other workmen do not join in hand, nothing goes well.

Of course you will be engaged in education. You may be principal of a college or not. In either case you are educating the young men and women of America. If one of the graduates of Amherst yonder is running a railway line through a village of North Dakota, he is educating the boys and girls who run after him, to wonder at his theodolite, to thank him for his courtesy and to question as to his purpose. If you are underdraining a piece of tillage land in the Aroostook Valley, you are educating every half-breed, or Canadian, or Italian who lays the pipe or watches the flow of the water. For aught I know one of you is going to be married to-morrow morning and is going up to the newly built log cabin there to establish her new home. From the wedding present which your uncle Horace gave you you have picked out ten good dollars, which you have spent for seeds, bulbs, and a little hoe of your own and a rake of your own. As you carry on your pretty garden on the south side of the house, you are educating everybody within ten miles of you, and this means that you are educating the rulers of this land. According as you welcome them at the door,

according as you speak with them at the provision shop, you are forming the public opinion of this land. That is, you are educating the rulers of this land. You are forming the public opinion before which all mere officers of administration bow. For these men are not to be drudges always. Their children are not to be drudges or helots or slaves to toil. Higher and higher, larger and broader, are to be their lives. It is you who are to lift them. You are to enlarge them. You are training the American people.

And the American people is the sovereign of America.

There shall be no upper class in education, and no lower. God and His world are for everybody. John Adams said that every one in his State shall have a liberal education. What he said of his State shall be true of the nation. It shall be true of everybody.

How shall we train our Prince? To love his land,
Love justice and love honor. For them both
He girds himself and serves her, nothing loath,
Although against a host in arms he stand.
Ruling himself, the world he may command.
Trained to serve her in honor and in truth,
Baby and boy and in his lusty youth
He finds archangels' strength on either hand.

The best the land can teach him, he shall know;
The best the land can teach him, he shall see;
Trace all the footsteps where his fathers trod,
See all of beauty that the world can show,
And how it is that Freedom makes men free,
And how such Freemen come to love their God.

Wherever the people are, the scholar must be also, if he is to carry on this work. D'Artagnan and Aramis and Quentin Durward had to go to Paris, to the capital, to seek their sovereigns, if they would serve the State. But, with us, the sovereign is working in the mines of Lake Superior. The sovereign is herding cattle in Colorado, he is feeding the world from the wheat plains of Dakota. The empire of this country is not in the hands of the large cities, though the writers in the large cities try to think so and to make you think so. It is in the hands of those large country towns, where the best men lead the town and direct its education, its local government, and give tone and courage to its people—towns without rings, towns not governed by bar-rooms. It is the men from these towns who are pushed forward into important public life, and loyally sustained by the American people. Emigrants from Europe, still blinded by European prejudices, settle in clans in our large cities, and are led blindly by other men. But the American people is still true to that enthusiasm for local

government which so surprised De Tocqueville, and which, to this hour, not one foreign writer in ten understands. Find for me the States or parts of States which, on the whole, direct the American policy in her public affairs, and you find the States or parts of States which are under the empire, not of the few large cities of America, but of her numerous smaller cities and towns. Literally, it does not matter, for the sway that you are to have over the next half century, whether you go to the wilderness of Lake Superior or to the most crowded ward in New York. A leader is a leader. If you have in you the stuff of which leaders are made, you will lead. That is, if you rely on the Idea; if you make yourself an ally of the Almighty, speak His word and do His deed, you will, of course, take place and authority among men.

So much for the question, Where?

As to the question, When you shall take this direction, there is never but one answer—Now. To-day. Now is the accepted time. I trust that your four years at college are not to be flung away like an old garment. I think you have just whetted your appetite in literature, in art, in science, in philosophy. As Paul Jones said, you are just ready to begin. You are not to stay here longer. No. But you are to go

on in just those studies which please you most, with the freedom of womanhood joined to the training of youth, and to carry them on, in one direction or another, until you die. You are, I trust, enthusiastic about Alma Mater. I hope you are always going to say that Smith College is the best college in the world. Do not be satisfied with saying so. Show it, wherever you go. Show what a woman of liberal education is by the eagerness with which you pursue that education. Any woman of you can secure, and ought, two hours a day for generous reading and study. And no man or woman needs more to keep up bravely and well the line of education which he has selected for his own. Make it your duty, then, to carry, wherever you go—be it to the ranch, be it to the mill town, be it to the busy city—the thoroughness, even the elegancies, of this college. Why, Bernard civilized western Europe by sending out from Clairvaux two hundred and fifty swarms of educated men, who made two hundred and fifty other centres of faith and of knowledge in countries then barbarous. More than this is in the power, nay, more than this is to be the future, of Smith College in the next thirty years.

Thus, it is the duty of every one of you to level up from the first moment the public edu-

cation of the place where you shall live. The village school, the high school, the county academy or college, the public library, these live and grow, or starve and die, according as you determine—you and those others who have received what you have received from the lavish love of the State and of the nation. We have all seen what we call ideal communities, where effort in this line has been crowned. One comes to a village of Friends, sometimes—of the people called Quakers—where there was never a pauper, where every child receives what we call a high school education, where to every family the public library supplies the last and best in literature. And this is possible everywhere. One need not be on the board of supervisors to do it. I met, the other day, a learned judge, who told me that for more than twenty years he had met every winter, in his own library, once a week, a club of his neighbors—men and women—who came, and came gladly, that he might guide them in the study of history. "And all those people," said he, laughing, "there are three or four hundred of them now scattered over the world; they all know what to read, and how to read it." You see that village is another place because that one man lived there. Yet there is only one man who chose to make himself so far an apostle to

carry forward the light which his Alma Mater had kindled.

Or consider for a moment how the great national pulpit might be improved, that pulpit to which ten men listen for one who sits in church or chapel on Sunday. I mean the daily and weekly press of the land. If every man and woman of liberal culture, in any humblest village of the land, saw it was their part and privilege to hold up the hands of the spirited printer who has carried into the wilderness a few pounds of type, who prints the legal notices and advertisements of the country stores. What folly to hold back from him and ridicule him! What a chance, if you will only make friends with him and help him! He does not want to make a bad newspaper. He wants it to be as good as the London *Spectator*. What graduate does not want the same thing! What might not the local press be, if the educated people of this country came loyally and regularly to the duty and privilege, I do not say of making it the mouthpiece of their convenience, but the educator and enlivener of the community in which they live! Do not let such a prophet be undeserving of honor in his own home.

Such victories are possible to him or her who accepts the great alliance, who in the phrase of

Paul, the omnipotent sage, is willing to be a fellow workman together with God. That man, that woman, in accepting the universe, takes infinite power as an ally. For this, this apostle of the highest manhood and womanhood keeps himself pure. The wisdom that is from above is first pure. And it is the pure in heart who see God, and they only. Character is the foundation stone on which this City of God is to be built; and you build as of straw and stubble if that foundation is not first laid!

You spring from men whose hearts and lives were pure,
Their eye was single, and their walk was sure.
See that their children's children in their day
May bless such fathers' fathers when they pray.

"Who is sufficient for these things?" Does any one ask that question in a certain tone of despair? Here is the answer. Every child of God is sufficient for them, because she shares her Father's almightiness. Every daughter of the King is sufficient for them. For such a woman is the infinite child of an infinite God. It is in His love in which she loves. It is with His strength that she moves. It is His life in which she lives. And she uses this consecrated life, not for herself, but for all whom she sees or hears; for all who see her or hear her. Fellow

workmen, as St. Paul says so well, together with God.

For this does America train the women of America as well as she knows how. If her soldiers go to war, the women of America do their part in relieving the sufferings of armies and bringing in the reign of peace. America receives every year at her seaports half a million of the starving and naked of every race, every country and every faith. The women of America have more to do than the men in welcoming those exiles. How often it falls to them to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to bring good tidings to those who are cast down—more than any others, to teach the ignorant and to give life to the dying! No one who is not a stark fool speaks of a woman's education as finished. No! Every day is a new Commencement Day, as such women forget the things that are behind—as they stretch forward to the things that are before.

Each hand is trained every day to more deft handiwork. Each eye is trained each day to keener distinction of color, each day the memory is schooled to more accurate recollection. The reason is trained to judgment of truth more sure. The body is controlled and the mind by the living child of a loving Father.

She lives and moves and has her being in her God.

There needs but one caution for an enterprise so grand. It is a caution for the handling of this mind, of whose achievements we are so proud, as we should be. Even the mind, queen-like and imperial, is beneath your own control, if you choose early to assert that control. It shall not think of mean things or bad things unless you permit it. You are its mistress! No! And for this control, the first direction is that of the practical and sensible, but always enthusiastic St. Paul: "Let no one think of himself," and Paul adds with a certain humor which never leaves him long, "more highly than he ought to think." Here is a condition which to most of us leaves the range of thinking which is permitted on a plane ludicrously low.

Of which disease the remedy also is offered by the same physician: "Let a man think soberly," he says; and in another place, "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue or if there be any praise, think on these things." Now this instruction is practical; not meant for rhetoric or poetry, but as a direction for an intelligent man

to pursue in the conduct of life. You can keep impure thoughts out of your mind by thinking of that which is pure. You can keep yourself out of your mind by thinking of other people. And, to train the mind in generous and large thought, so that it may not fall back to mean thought and small, is the most important duty you have in this part of life, which has to do with making ready your weapons.

The creation of such character is the object and result of all true education, of all bodily training, of all mental discipline, of all spiritual exercises. Or, to say all in one word, it bids you offer yourselves wholly, body, soul, and mind, to your GOD.

Does this seem a pulpit phrase—next to nothing because ecclesiastical? It means this: Do not separate your religion from the rest of life, but soak your life in your religion, and your religion in your life. You ought not to be able to separate the two. You are not God's child on Sunday and a child of the world on Monday. You are God's child all the time. It is not God's law which you obey when you eat the bread of communion, and the world's law which you obey when you give your order to the baker. It is all God's law; and you can make the one duty as sacred as the other. You can sit at the

piano and practise your scales humbly, patiently, and with the same steady determination with which an archangel goes about his duty. You can do it to the glory of God. God is pleased when you make the endeavor. You can take your baby brother to ride. You can lift his carriage gently over the curbstone, you can meet the perplexities of that care as truly as Uriel met his perplexities when he stood before the sun to keep watch and ward. The charge may be as true, as pure, and as grand.

To make this world a temple, as we make life a joy—this is the effort for you and me. To glorify common care, that daily duty may be divine—this is the beginning, the middle, and the end.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

WHEN I was a boy, there was a very edifying and entertaining book, called "The Book of Trades." Mine had a red morocco cover, but for us boys its value was much more in the inside than in the color of the outside.

The book really told you how hatters made hats, how shoemakers made shoes, how printers set type and printed books, and went into similar

details for all the callings of men. And if you read a story-book, the "virtuous Frank" or the "good Harry" went into a real blacksmith shop and saw a real blacksmith make a real horseshoe and nail it upon the hoof of a real horse.

Such were the methods of a hundred years ago. They were the methods in England, whose modest hack writers wrote the children's books of that day; and they were the methods of America, which imported those children's books. For in those days the American boy knew about bullfinches and robin redbreasts, and nobody taught him that there were such realities as mocking-birds and orioles.

All this is changed. A man who made millions by his mechanical inventions, a man whose inventions have changed the daily life of every American, told me that he had asked fifty boys what handiwork they would prefer; and that, in every instance, the boy replied that he would like to be a plumber. The curious truth was that plumbing was the only mechanical art which these boys, trained in our modern life, had seen in practice. The average boy of to-day cannot go into a blacksmith shop, he cannot go into a carpenter shop, he cannot see a printer at his work; we do such things in another fashion now. We do them on a scale quite too large to admit

of "virtuous Harrys" or "thoughtful Franks" walking in and conversing with the "operative." And with the movements which change a workman into an "operative" many other changes follow.

What I want to talk about is the condition of the workman now, as he advances in years. The hatter in the picture, or the "joiner" in the picture, or even the weaver, was of more or less use in the last years of his life. He need not stand so many hours a day in making his hats, or he need not weave so many hours, or he could still make a hat or two, or weave a yard or two. But now that the artisan works with great machines, his hatting, shoeing, or weaving is the product of machinery, worked by steam-engines or by waterfalls much more than it is a product of human hands. The men who contribute perhaps a tenth part toward manufacture are, as they grow old, in a wholly different condition from that of a century ago. As the old phrase was, they must run with the machines. If they are in a State where machinery runs eleven hours, they must work eleven hours. If they cannot work eleven hours, they cannot work at all.

Just this same change asserts itself in almost all other life. The average man, in New York,

in Philadelphia, or in Chicago, is a thousand times as strong as the average man of a century ago. By which I mean that he uses a thousand times as much physical power. But he does this on the condition that he shall keep up with the machine. Your commission house is no longer a dainty establishment in which you pack nephews and young cousins from the country in convenient clerkships where they shall lounge away a few hours and draw a good salary. Your commission house, like your hatter, has to run with the machine. You must have men who are fresh and well and alert, and they must do a good day's work or you do not want them at all.

This is a long preface. But it answers its purpose if it makes the reader reflect that there is now no place in our working order for old men—that is to say, for men who have passed what used to be called the "grand climacteric." What happens now is that when the great firm of Spinner & Dresser dissolves, after a prosperous career for half a century in New York, when Mr. Spinner has died and left ten millions to his wife, and Mr. Dresser has gone up to the Second Cataract in his private yacht with his family, that nice Mr. Workman, who has been in the office as cashier so long, receives a handsome present of half a year's salary in advance.

He has a silver pitcher given him by the firm, and when he is sixty-five years of age he finds that there is nothing for him to do. Nobody chooses to employ an old man of sixty-five.

Exactly the same thing happens to Tom Soley when, at sixty-five, he finds that he cannot go down to the shoe-shop before daylight, work there ten or eleven hours, according as he happens to live in Massachusetts or Rhode Island, and go back up the hill to his house. Nobody wants to employ him, and nobody will employ him, unless he can keep up with the machine.

They caught hold of this truth in England before we did in America. The agitation for the pension of old men in England began with some papers by a Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, which were printed as early as 1892. The best thing that can be said of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is that he, who was brought up in a manufacturing town, caught hold early of the idea of old-age pensions, and that he has followed it up bravely in all chances and changes since. In England, when such a thing is proposed, they have the difficulty, which we do not have, of arranging between the submerged tenth and the bottom of the lower class, and the middle of the lower class, and the upper lower class. Then they have to consider the lower middle class, which is differ-

ent from the middle lower class, and the middle middle class, and the upper middle class. And then they have to arrange for the lower upper class, and the middle upper class, and the really upper class, and then for the uppest class. Poor Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are still muddling around in the various complications which follow on such a system, if system it may be called. All the same, four times a year, the magic words, Old-Age Pensions, get spoken in one or other report or review, and England goes forward, though not very rapidly.

Meanwhile, in New Zealand they belled the cat, and are living under a statute which provides a stated pension for men and women over sixty-five years of age.

The adjustment of the old-age pensions would be much easier in the United States than it is in England, and whoever takes it up seriously here will find that it is received by our legislators with much more cordiality than it is received by the Parliament of Great Britain. In England, in their various trade organizations, they are not unused to plans for benefits to be received at certain fixed periods in the future. The admirable arrangement of benefit societies in this country has instructed our people in similar plans. And the occasional failures of benefit societies here

have, in a harder way, given instruction in the matter which is of value.

Stated very briefly, the difficulty in every benefit society is this: You make a thousand bright and successful young fellows agree to form a benefit society. If any one of the thousand dies, the other nine hundred and ninety-nine will subscribe each a dollar apiece for his widow. When a man falls off the top of a cupola and lies on the sidewalk seventy feet below, every one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine are glad that it was not he, and will pay up the dollar they have promised. While they are all comparatively young, each man pays up willingly enough. But it is when they begin to grow old, when one and another casualty follows on with that very determined law which has surrounded death since Horace's time, that it appears difficult to keep up the number of the society. Every device has to be considered to attempt to persuade people to join with as much alacrity where half the members are more than fifty. Some benefit societies are so craftily managed that this difficulty is met. Some of them are so badly managed that the whole thing goes into insolvency, and many a poor fellow who has paid his scot gallantly for ten years finds he has earned nothing from it. Now, every one of these failures simply shows

what happens to people who have been seduced by the devil.

The devil has offered to give them something for nothing, and this is an offer which he will not make good. The time comes when there is nothing in the treasury, because nothing has been put into meet that particular exigency. In case of life-insurance on any of the selfish lines, this central truth of the universe asserts itself with painful significance. When the person who wishes to insure himself goes to the medical examiner, he finds that there are fourteen bacteria in him where there should be none, and the medical examiner declines to give him a policy. It is only his brother or his cousin, who has no bacteria in that particular spot, who passes the examination. That is to say, according to the present theory, it is only the people who won't die who are insured against sickness or against disease. All the other applicants, from fair to middling and from middling to quarter middling, are cast out. The community at large does not pay much attention to this. The workers who are the agents of the life-insurance companies do not bring it forward in their speculations; but it vitiates the whole business, and there is a certain sensitive feeling at the bottom of a well-regulated mind which gives warning that there

is something in the business which does not quite bear investigation. The truth is, you are playing your cards in the hope that you shall deceive death, and the insurance people are acting as the croupier.

Any one who thinks on the matter, however, sees that if he would accept the universe, and make a fair calculation as to what are the chances for every person—man or woman, rich or poor, upper middle class or lower middle class—he would avoid these difficulties. We shall avoid them if, in our system of old-age pensions, we shall provide bravely for every person who has been born into the world and who has lived to a period where we find, on the whole, that a man can no longer run with the machine. Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Chamberlain and the rest who have written on the subject select different ages for this period. The law of those Australian colonies that have introduced general old-age insurance fixes the time at sixty-five. What the old writers called the grand climacteric was sixty-three years. A "climacteric," or step in the human ladder, was supposed to come in every seventh year. Thus, a man is of age at the end of his third climacteric; and the grand climacteric marks the end of the ninth. According to some of us, it is the prime of life.

Now, in America, we are used to equality. We cannot be drawing these delicate lines between the lower middle class and the upper middle class which Mr. Chamberlain and the rest of the English writers delight in. To our simple political economy, all men are sons of God and all women are daughters of God. They are all born in the same family, and the simplest way in which the family can arrange is to take care of all of them in the same method. So we give to all of them pure water, we give to all of them the right to walk on the street. We illumine the lighthouses for all of them. We keep the public schools for all of them. Before the law all of them are equal. We do not contradict this system of equality if we say that a man of sixty-nine years of age shall receive no pension, but a man of seventy shall. Our law cannot take care of trifles, and we must fix, on the whole, our average at the point which human experience has settled upon as an average. It would not then be difficult in America to provide a modest life-pension for every man and every woman who belongs in a given community, who is past the line, if you please, of seventy years or sixty-eight, or sixty-five, or of seventy-five, as that community chooses to fix it. In practice, it will probably be better to fix the line quite high

at the beginning, and let it come lower and lower, according as the public is trained to see how easy the working of the system is.

I am writing in Massachusetts, where the construction of a system of pensions is easier, because we maintain our old-fashioned system of poll-tax, without which, as it seems to me, the true manhood of the voter cannot be maintained in any community. We make every man who is more than eighteen years of age put two dollars a year into the treasury of the State. Thus, in the last year, 1902, every male citizen was made to pay this sum for the services of the town or of the State. This tax was apart from what he paid into the excise on his liquor and spirits, and on his share of the national tariff.

By a curious obliquity, the women begged off from the poll-tax which they formerly paid. This was their way of saying that they did not want to receive any benefits from the State. All the same, the old women would have stood a better chance of receiving life-pensions if they had paid two dollars apiece into the treasury since they were eighteen years old.

Under this healthy interpretation of "equality," the native male citizens of Massachusetts paid into her town treasuries in 1902 more than two million dollars. The payment for ten years

only would give us two hundred thousand pensions of one hundred dollars each. But if we paid a hundred dollars to every citizen, man and woman, over sixty-nine years of age, we should only have to pay about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Each one of them would feel that he had been insuring himself in old age by his payments to the commonwealth. No one of them would feel that he was a beggar or a pauper. And so soon as we shall begin upon such an arrangement, so soon will tax-dodging on the part of poll-tax people come to an end. There is not a young man or an old man—a hobbledehoy or a hobbledehoy's father—who would not gladly pay his scot, year by year, when he saw the cheer and comfort which such a payment gives, perhaps to a father or mother, perhaps to a grandfather or grandmother. And I do not think even the fairer or weaker sex need decline the one hundred dollars which will be paid to each of them. As was intimated above, their case would be a little stronger in the forum of justice if they had paid any poll-tax. As it is, the poll-tax fund paid by the man is sufficient for every payment, and we may well charge it to the same account to which we charge ostrich-feathers and pancake-hats, which we see daily in the street-cars, which we know were paid

for by the willing work of husbands, or sons, or lovers.

Simply speaking, the payment of an old-age pension—say of a hundred dollars each to every citizen, male or female, who has passed the age of seventy—does not involve a heavy burden to the State. For where the State has been collecting poll-taxes, it has received from such taxes far more than the pension proposed would require.

Let us now consider for a moment the advantages which the State, as an organization, would receive from such a system. As matters stand, the managers of asylums, whether for the poor, or perhaps for the blind, or the insane, or other invalids, are always at their wits' ends to know what they shall do with the aged people who are crowded upon them. The almshouses of towns and counties are filled in the same way.

Now, all these old people are better cared for in the homes of old neighbors, or old friends, very possibly of sons, or of daughters, who would receive them and take charge of them humanely if they could receive a little ready money for the extra expense. As society organizes itself, a very little money goes a great way in the average household of an American. The moment that it appears that a grandfather or a grandmother

has one hundred dollars a year to his good, that moment we shall find that the burden thrown upon the State and town in their asylums is reduced by a larger proportion than by the charge made by the pensions upon the treasury. Thus the pension system has the great advantage that it maintains life in homes, and that it abates the necessity for great institutions or asylums. With the somewhat stumbling precedent which is given in the management of the great benefit societies, it seems to me sure that the Australian system of State pensions will work its way into the more intelligent States first, and gradually into the States which do not affect civilization.

THE END

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